The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 268
NUMBER 4

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

ANNOUNCING—

The Hudson's Bay Record Society

THE Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, appreciating the widespread interest of Libraries, Historical Societies, Historians and Collectors in the Archives of the Company, have created the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

The Directors of the Society will be Sir Campbell Stuart (Chairman), Lord Macmillan, Sir Alexander Murray (Deputy Governor of Hudson's Bay Company), Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. P. Karslake and Sir Edward Peacock.

The purpose of the Society is to publish material of outstanding historical interest from the Company's Archives. Mr. E. E. Rich, M.A., F.R. Hist. Soc., Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in History in the University of Cambridge, England, has been appointed General Editor, and the first volume of the series (Sir George Simpson's Athabasca Journal and Report, 1820-21) will be issued about October, 1938. Other volumes will follow annually.

The Hudson's Bay Record Society will work in collaboration with the Champlain Society of Canada, whose members will receive the Hudson's Bay volumes.

Applications for membership in the Hudson's Bay Record Society should be addressed to the Secretary, the Canadian Committee, Hudson's Bay Company, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, or to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Record Society, 68 Bishopsgate, London, England. Persons who have already applied for membership in the Society in response to the preliminary announcement in The Beaver will receive, in due course, a prospectus setting out in detail the rules and constitution of the Society.

Subscriptions for membership in the Hudson's Bay Record Society are $5.00 per annum in Canada and the United States, or One Guinea in England. Members will receive the publications of the Society as they are issued, post-free and without further charge.

The volumes published by the Hudson's Bay Record Society will not be available for sale to non-members.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Douglas MacKay

JUST five years ago Douglas MacKay took over the editorship of *The Beaver*. His death in an aeroplane accident on the 10th January, 1938, leaves his work for the Company sadly unfinished, but it was in *The Beaver* that his ability became known to us all, and it is in its pages that some appreciation of him must appear.

In the few years that he was with us he made *The Beaver* "the magazine of the North" as well as of the Hudson's Bay Company, and gave it a reputation which extended far beyond the limits of our own organization. Under his editorship its publication was an event.

But *The Beaver* was only one part of his work; yet it reflected his amazing capacity for interpreting the tradition and history of the Company, a capacity which showed itself more clearly in his book *The Honourable Company*.

This history is one of the best yet written about the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is a source of melancholy satisfaction to his friends that while he died before his capacities were fully realized, he has left us a permanent memorial.

What distinguishes his history is the emphasis throughout its pages upon the influence of individuals in the Company's development. Our tradition is made up of the separate contributions of men in a widely scattered organization who have served the Company in distinguished fashion, and Douglas MacKay had the great faculty of being able to fuse the past with the present, and to see that today, as much as ever, the Company stood in need of the services of men who had the same wide perspective of our operations.

He was steeped in the Company and its history, but he related that history always to the present and to its modern activities.

Douglas MacKay was much more than the Editor of *The Beaver*. The influence he exerted upon the Company and its policies was in the much wider field of administrative work, including that of personnel. In this work he always stressed the importance of the Company point of view, rather than that of the Department, and so far as his influence lay he tried to show to every Department that it was part of a whole much greater than itself.

To those of us who knew him it is little wonder that he won a great number of friends for himself and for the Company, and that he secured and held that much rarer thing, the deep affection of everyone who worked with him.

We saw in him two things we value most in a man, integrity and loyalty, and we knew that within himself he had those ideals which give strength to attain great achievement.

His untimely death is a great loss, but his character and work have left their mark upon the Company and remain as an inspiration to all of us. When the record of this time comes to be written it will be seen that he did even greater service than we now realize.

Every one of us can have no better wish than that it might be our lot to leave behind as fine a memory as Douglas MacKay.

P. A. Chester.

"Is winter hideous in a garb like this?"—Cowper

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE

Edwin W. Mills

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WINNIPEG, CANADA

THE HBC PACKET

If you chance to see a news reel of the Queen wearing a marten cape, (Hudson's Bay sables), you will know that it was a gift of the Hudson's Bay Company. Our Governor, P. Ashley Cooper, was summoned to Buckingham Palace in December, when he presented, on behalf of the Company, a gift of furs to commemorate Their Majesties' Coronation. The King accepted eighty mink and four Persian lamb skins for the lining and collar of an overcoat. Recent pictures show that Queen Mary continues to wear the white fox furs presented by the Hudson's Bay Company to commemorate the Coronation.

The Fur Trade, with a keen eye to the future as well as the past, is now officially in the weather reports business. Radio traffic weather reports are being transmitted to Ottawa twice daily from CZ5H, Arctic Bay, the most northerly trading post in North America. The distance is about 3,000 miles; 1,500 miles are covered by radio, 1,500 by Canadian National land lines, and 800 by H B C private commercial radio.

Arctic meteorological reports have become increasingly important for the greater safety of northern flying, and the Company will co-operate with Government departments to extend the service. Reports are now coming in regularly from other Company radio stations—CZ5R at Leaf River; CZ4Y at Cape Smith, and CZ4T at Cape Dorset. Eventually the Fur Trade hopes to cover the whole Arctic with its radio network.

The United States Weather Bureau considers Arctic reports so important that the McGregor Arctic Expedition has been established at Fort Reindeer Point, Greenland in 78° north latitude, for one year, to do nothing but collect weather data.

It is one hundred and forty-three years since the first Fort Edmonton was established on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River where the present Parliament Buildings of Alberta now stand. Edmonton grew up around the various Hudson's Bay trading posts which gave the city its name. This is the fifth time the Company has had to rebuild in order to keep pace with the growth of Edmonton. We estimate that this new store will see us through to our 200th birthday in Edmonton.

Coinciding with the moving story in this issue of David Douglas, who identified for British Columbia some of its finest timber, there has come to Hudson's Bay House a paper weight made from Douglas fir used in the old fur storage warehouse at Victoria. Although the then Fort Camosun warehouse was built in 1859, the Douglas fir posts remained sound. In their lifetime they had seen the American flag replace the British in Oregon and Washington, the Russian flag give way to the American in Alaska, and the Crown Colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia become one of the fairest provinces in the Dominion of Canada.

We are indebted to Mr. H. R. MacMillan, of Vancouver, for this historic souvenir of Vancouver Island Douglas Fir.

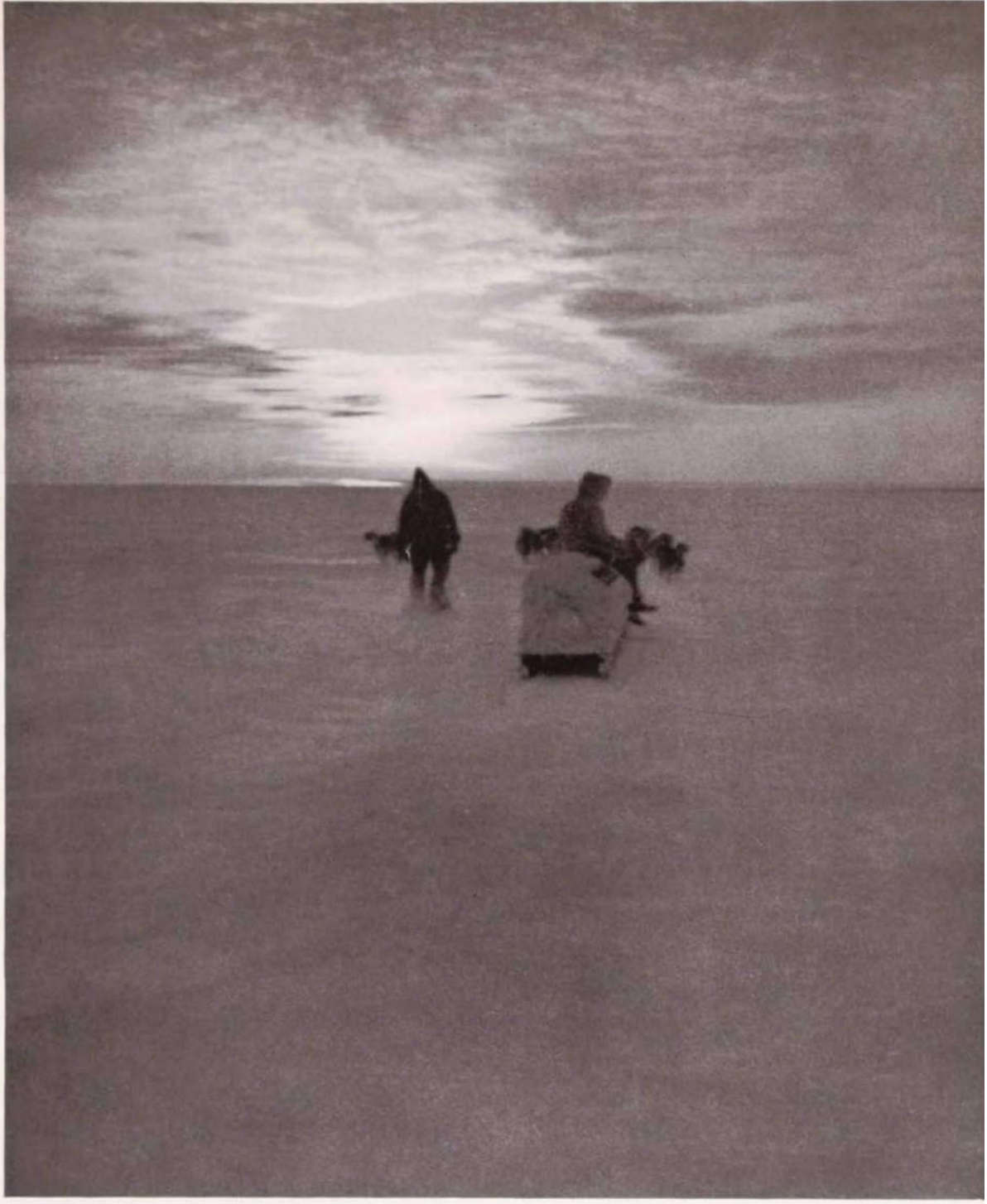
Early in March the Hudson's Bay Company museum in the Winnipeg store will be closed for about a month. New exhibits are being prepared, and there will be a general process of rejuvenation. Since the museum was re-made in its present modern form, some 30,000 visitors have signed the guest book, and of course there are many callers who become too entranced to stop and write down their names.

With spring in the offing, the magic snow shapes of *The Beaver* frontispiece may be studied without chills. This snow scene by Edwin Mills, of Hamilton, is a fine example of amateur photography, and *The Beaver* office will welcome (and pay for) similar choice camera work.

In this issue are some stories of more than usual interest. The H B C bride of 1915 obviously did not miss a thing on her first trip to the Bay. It is always a satisfaction to know how a story turns out, and here are the transplanted polar bears enjoying their change of home. The last Athabaska brigade brings back a day that is gone.

Dr. Fulmer Mood's scholarly research into the original group of men who first put up money for a voyage to the Bay, has heightened value because it was passed by the eagle eye of Miss Grace Lee Nute, of the Minnesota Historical Society. Miss Nute has spent years in research in the London Archives, various London record offices and in France—all on the subject of Radisson and Groseilliers and the early voyages of the *Nonsuch*. When her book is published late this year, it will untangle many of the threads which have puzzled those searching back into too scantily recorded history.

On the Trail



Photographs by
J. W. ANDERSON
Fur Trade Department

These pictures on the trail were taken by J. W. Anderson, fur trader, journeying the 450 miles from Rupert's House to Great Whale River Post in order to make his James Bay District inspection. The time was late February, and the sleigh carried the winter packet for Great Whale River Post and north. The start is made very early every morning. The travellers are up by 5 a.m. and having breakfasted, broken camp, loaded the sleigh, harnessed the dogs, are on the trail with a crack of the whip by 7.00 a.m.

Slanting rays of the morning sun show up the zastrugi, the wind-swept snow ridges. This is the first brief halt to enable the teamster to untangle the dog traces. Out on the barren ice where there are no trees or bushes to interfere the dogs travel in fan formation, each husky harnessed straight to the sleigh, and pulling hard.

Through the fifteen days' travel, varied troubles hamper the travellers. On the left, the snow is deep and light and drifted. The going is heavy and the head guide travels on his long snowshoes.

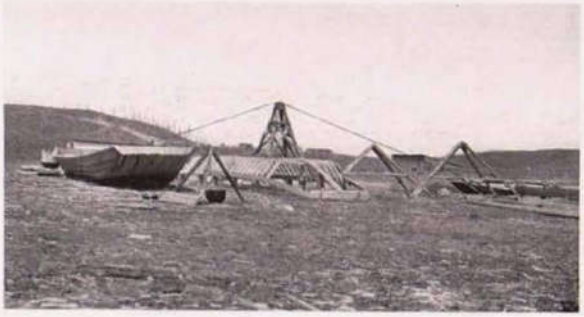
At noon a brief halt is made for icing the runners of the sled. In the coldest weather "mud runners" are used. The dark muskeg loam is thawed into a putty and shaped along the runners. After freezing overnight, it is planed, and the smooth surface given several coats of hot water which freezes immediately and forms a fast sliding, glassy surface. By midday, this surface has worn off and must be renewed with more hot water.

Every dog in the team is straining at his traces. All Hudson's Bay Company dogs are hard workers, pulling forward even into coldest biting gales until dusk when they are fed seal meat.

They find an Indian Trapper who invites them to stay over night. His wigwam is banked with snow to keep out Arctic winds. As the last slanting rays of the sun fall on snow-laden pines, dogs and men rest. After the evening meal and smoke, sleeping bags and Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets are unrolled, for tomorrow will come all too soon and a start must be made long before the sun brings the grey, misty dawn.

As the sun sets, the guide leads the weary party to a distant copse of trees where shelter can be found to camp for the night. The journey from Rupert's House to Great Whale River usually takes fifteen days. Urged on by the quickening pace of modern business, men of the Fur Trade cannot afford to waste a moment as they push towards their destination.

In the lowest picture, the travellers stop to study difficult ice conditions in Hannah Bay. The dark spot on the horizon is a fog which rises out of the open waters of Hudson Bay. Places like this are dangerous in storms, the fog banks cannot be seen, and travelling is risky.



"It was a glorified Packing Box."
Building a unit of the Athabaska Brigade.

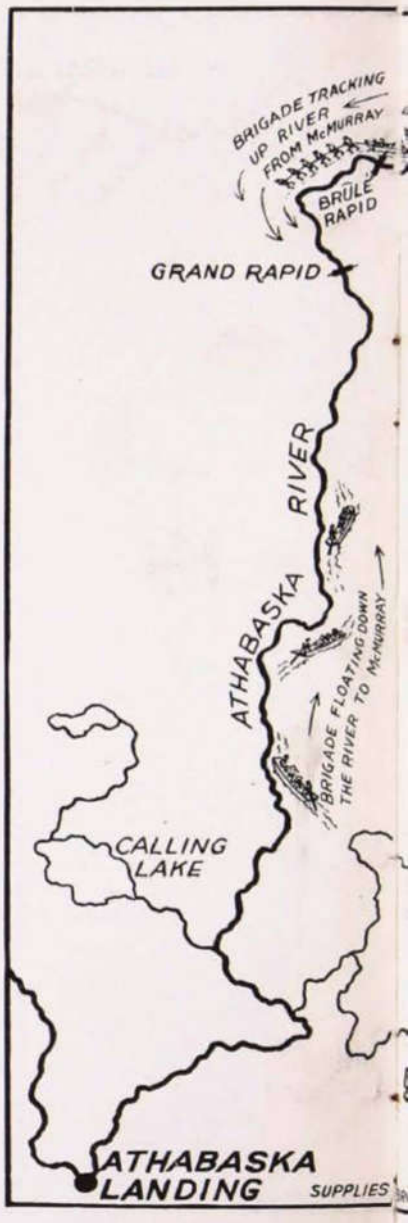
THE LAST OF

By GUY H.

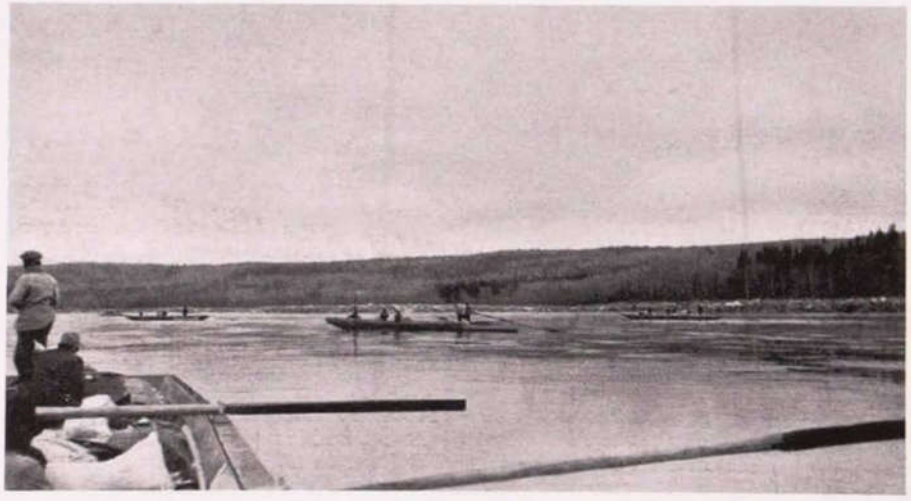
TODAY the North is well provided with transport services. Aeroplanes, steamers, and gasoline boats have annihilated many of the obstacles of yesterday. A new day of opportunity has arrived, bringing with it the inevitable loss—the passing of the simpler, sturdier life when men met the wilderness and conquered it by strength and skill and courage. The brigades of yesteryear explored and pioneered in a wilderness, and the last to sweep northward along the great rivers was the Athabaska brigade.

Looking back for a moment, one can picture the changing scene as the birch-bark canoes of the trader-explorers gave place to more substantial crafts with the developing trade. When the railroad extended westward across the country, the long upstream journey from tide water in the east to the interior was abandoned, and bases were established at Winnipeg and Edmonton. Then by a hundred-mile overland trail navigable waters of the Athabaska River could be reached with down-stream transportation to the Arctic. The Churchill brigade was abandoned, and northern freight was handled by steamers on the Athabaska River below Fort McMurray, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers. But for some thirty years freight was carried through the section between the end of the freight road at Athabaska Landing and Fort McMurray by fleets of scows of the Athabaska brigade.

The capacious, sturdy York boat was the largest type of craft that could be economically handled over portages. The limitation of the portage did not apply to the new route, which permitted the use of larger crafts, but new problems were introduced. Many scows went down the river, but few returned, so that cheapness was a consideration. Besides, a certain flexibility fore and aft and in twist was necessary for a large, heavily loaded craft in the big waves of the rapids and at the cascades. The Athabaska scow was devised to meet these conditions. It was a glorified packing box



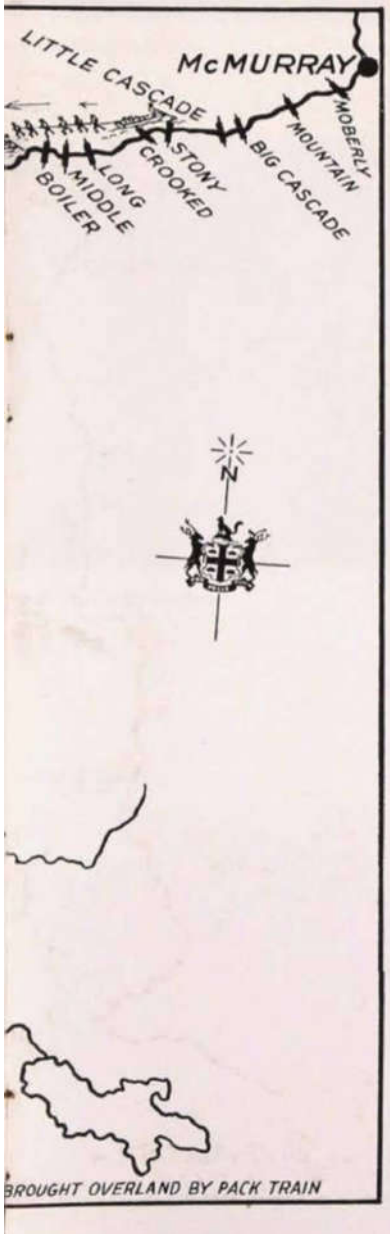
There were easy days of drifting in the Upper River.



THE BRIGADES

BLANCHET

At the take-off. Loading scows at Athabaska Landing.

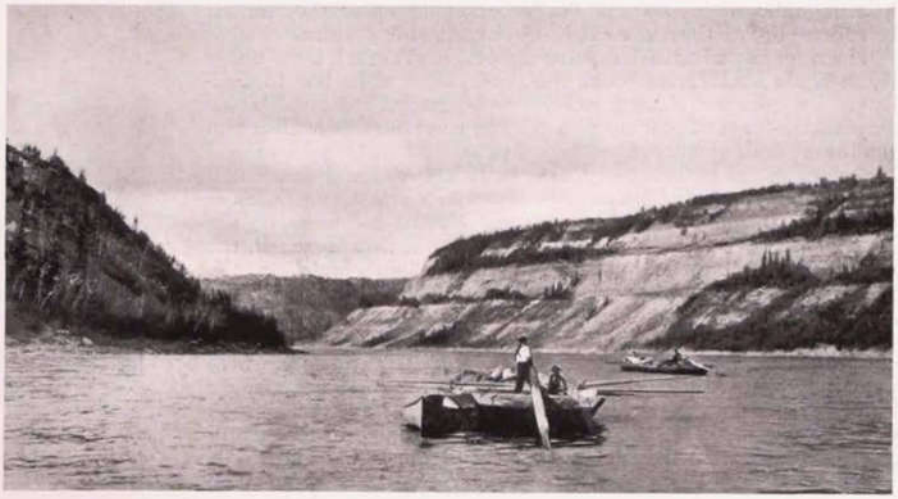


with just sufficient strength and seaworthiness to bring its cargo safely to its destination, where it was broken up and the lumber used for building purposes.

Athabaska River in its northerly course from the Landing flows in a deepening trench cut through the boulder clay of the plains. As the valley becomes deeper the river bed approaches closer and closer to bed rock, evidenced at first by accumulations of boulders, causing rapids, and finally the rock itself forms the bed and the river tumbles over the ledges in cascades. Throughout much of its course, the river bed is too wide for the stream at low water, when only narrow, intricate channels are navigable through the obstructions. These channels change with the stage of the water and from year to year. Skilled pilots were needed, guides who knew the river and could "read water." They picked out the channel to follow, depending on the particular state of the river. Each scow had an experienced steersman who directed the men at the sweeps and followed the channels picked out by the guides. These men were recruited from the natives of the district, many of whom had been born on the river bank with paddles in their hands. The ice broke up about the beginning of May. At the Landing this usually occurred quietly, but farther down jams formed at shallow and restricted places, causing floods and piling the ice in ramparts along the shores. It was customary to allow a couple of weeks for this to clear.

Spring was a busy season at the frontier outpost of Athabaska Landing. Freighters poured in from the south bringing supplies from the railway at Edmonton. From east, west and north, Indian and half-breed trappers arrived from their winter trapping grounds to take up their summer work with the transport. The shipyards hummed with activity, framing, planking, caulking and tarring scow after scow, and mine host of the "Grand Central" did a rushing business. To add to the confusion, there was some rivalry among the transports of different parties in the matter of men

Terraced Banks below Little Buffalo River.



and materials, all trying for the honour and advantage of being first down the river to supply the trade with much needed equipment, for spring usually found the trading posts with bare shelves when the trappers arrived with the winter's catch.

When the full complement of scows was ready and launched, then, and not till then, could loading be started. As soon as goods were removed from the warehouses, the hordes of hungry sleigh dogs of the settlement gathered for the attack, and as soon as a scow was loaded its cargo was exposed to damage from flood, leaks and "acts of God." True, watchmen were placed in charge, but their sense of responsibility often proved to be weak in face of the attractions on shore. Then the dogs arrived, the water rose in the bilge, or perhaps a fall in river level stranded the scow on the boulder beach.

The officers in charge had a busy time organizing and directing operations. When loading commenced, cargoes had to be carefully adjusted and crews appointed to each scow. Finally, the last sack and case were loaded, the last man rushed aboard and the last good-bye, joke or insult exchanged between the fleet and the shore as they set out—perhaps twenty-five or thirty scows. A few strokes of the sweeps carried them into the stream, oars were shipped, and the current swept them smoothly along. A bend in the river broke the tie with civilization and created the brigade from the raw material of hastily assembled boats, perhaps only a few weeks removed from the saw logs, men gathered from the surrounding wilderness, and miscellaneous goods drawn from far distant places. It had an important part to play as a link connecting the people and trade of the north with the outside world. The season of operation was short, and most of the cargoes were destined to distant places down the great rivers and up their tributaries. In most cases, goods lost or spoiled in transit could not be replaced during the season, and even a single "piece" might cause an important shortage at one of the outposts. The native boatmen were particularly well suited to the work. The life of the brigade was varied, and included both ship and the shore periods of indolence and times of stress and excitement. While discipline was lax, the leaders were the most experienced men, to whom the others looked for guidance in times of action, and they were obeyed smartly and unquestioningly.

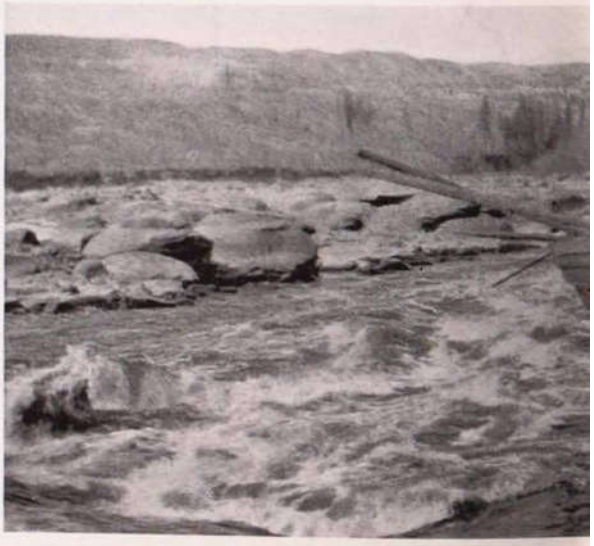
There were days of easy drifting in the upper river, with that complete abandonment to laziness of which the native is capable. Only the steersman stood at his task, reclining gracefully and half-asleep against the steering sweep, keeping his scow in a general way headed down-stream. The flotilla extended in a straggling line, separating and closing with vagaries of wind and current. The high wooded banks slipped by, each bend revealing a repetition of the same view, and the silence was broken only by the occasional creak of a stern sweep or by low voices in the musical Cree, telling hunting tales of moose and beaver or of adventures of former brigades—life as they knew it in the woods and streams.

The river flowed with deceptive smoothness through these upper reaches. No obstruction broke the gentle pitch of its bed to challenge its power. Ninety miles down-stream, Pelican Rapids marked the start of new conditions. The river became swifter and shallower, and, at low water stages, riffles and scattered boulders broke its course. The forty-mile stretch between Pelican and Grand Rapids presented few difficulties to navigation, although care had to be taken to hold to the channel and avoid rocks. By the time House River, at the head of Grand Rapids, was reached, the brigade and its crew had settled down to business, and there the serious work of the voyage commenced. At Grand Rapids the river tumbles over a wide boulder dam and drops thirty feet in a quarter of a mile. This would have been unnavigable if nature had not provided a by-pass between an island and the east shore, where a small portion of the river is diverted and flows among great rocks which partly dam the stream. A light scow could be taken through this channel among the boulders if carefully handled by sweep and poles. Cargoes were landed at the head of the island and taken across by push cars running on wooden rails. The scows were then

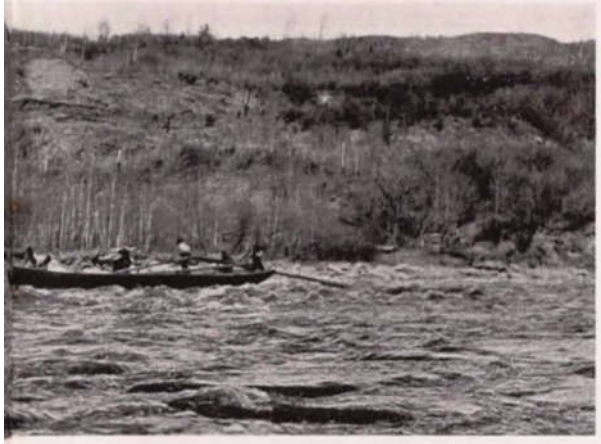
A hairpin turn by

Running the heavy load

Mishap in



Grand Rapids Island.



through Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids.

run through the rapids and guided into an eddy at the foot, where a line attached to an oar lowered from the island was picked up, and by it they were drawn back to be reloaded. All this took time and involved heavy work and some risks.

The story is told of a scow load of Klondykers who were drifting down the river with child-like confidence, all asleep. Their scow chose the west channel of the Grand! By the luck which attends such adventures, she ran up on a boulder at the head of the rapids and hung there until help could be given by men on the island. The only casualty was the watchman, who was sleeping on the front deck.

Between Grand Rapids and the Cascades a number of boulder rapids follow one another in quick succession. They are all strong rapids, to be taken with care, but two stand out as dangerous—Boiler and Long Rapids. In both these, it was the usual practice to take the brigade through in small sections, using only the most experienced rivermen. The guide selected the channel and the steersmen directed the scows according to his signals, calling on the men at the sweeps to pull or hold, to cross the current or follow it, while men with poles stood ready to assist in avoiding rocks and making the sharper turns. The response had to be instantaneous to avoid disaster. Ugly, jagged rocks had to be approached for the deep water bordering them and it required strength and skill with the poles to avoid a touch that would have ripped the frail, heavily loaded craft. Accidents happened that resulted in damaged goods and broken scows, but few lives were lost.

Below Long Rapids, the river flows over bed rock, in a smooth, curving slope in Crooked Rapids, and in abrupt drops over ledges in the Little and Big Cascade. Crooked Rapid was not difficult to run, but it offered at least one moment of excitement to a stranger, at the point where the current set heavily, straight for a sheer rock wall, carrying the scow to apparent destruction. A few feet off, the recoil swept it out again, while a great wave broke over the bow and drenched the unwary passenger if he had been inveigled there. This was considered a capital joke, particularly enjoyed by one on his second trip.

The little Cascade presented no difficulty, except at very low water, when it was necessary sometimes for the crew to get out and shove. The Big Cascade was one of the major obstacles on the journey. At the east side of the river, the drop is a sheer six feet, but the ledge is broken into steps at the other side. Here, again, the trouble was that the river was too wide for its water at ordinary levels. At extreme low water, it was necessary to take the west side and worry the scow over, by portaging cargo and shoving over the slippery ledges. As the river rose, a fair stream gathered into a bite in the ledge, close to the east bank, over which a light scow could be run, though with some danger of breaking its back. Various conditions developed as the flood increased. A great back-curling wave formed at its foot, into which the bow plunged while the stern was so high that the sweep could not be used effectively. Sometimes a scow nose-dived and sometimes broached to, both with dangerous possibilities. The best condition to find the cascade was half-flood, when it could be jumped with full load—a moment when one seemed to be plunging into an abyss and another in a turmoil of big waves and flying spray.

Below the Cascades, a dash through the big waves of Mountain Rapids and a gentle amble around the wide curve of the Moberly brought the end of the series, and opened up one of the most picturesque views in the north country—Fort McMurray and the confluence of Clearwater and Athabaska rivers. The deep trench with steeply terraced banks that had featured the river valley through the rapids ends, the hills draw back and lose their beetling character and a long view down-stream is varied by wooded islands and lake-like expanses. The fort and a few other buildings were scattered about a small clearing on the extensive flat at the junction of the rivers, with the wooded slopes of the valley hills in the background. Many teepees were pitched there during the summer, giving a touch of romance and of life in the wilderness. The brigade fitted in with it all, as part of it, in its people, the work it per-

Stepping down the Big Cascade.

In low water "worrying" the scow over, and portaging cargo.

High water and a full load.

formed, and the goods it carried. The interests of both the crew and the people of the settlement were much the same. Tom Carr, the factor, told of the winter and trade and the life of the outpost, and in Paul Fontaine's teepee one heard of former times, of the Churchill brigade that crossed to Clearwater River at the Methye portage—thirteen miles with two-hundred-pound packs. Those were days and men. "There are very few of us left," he would add. There was spice to the gossip of the outpost then when the few white men in the country belonged to the life of it and the traditions that gathered about them were passed on from one camp fire to the next by the mysterious moccasin telegraph.

The work of the Athabaska brigade ended at Fort McMurray, although many of the scows continued down-stream, even to Mackenzie River, but they were handled for the most part by river steamers. Most of the rivermen returned overland to House River to meet the next brigade there. So the season passed. Some scows had to be taken up-stream, usually in the late season to bring out furs, steamer crews and others not wintering in the country. The journey up through the rapids was a trying one with the cold, short days and the difficulties of navigating shallow boulder-strewn waters. Today, with gasoline for all purposes, tracking has become a lost art. The name applies to the method of hauling a boat against the current from the shore by means of a long rope attached to it in such a manner that the boat was almost in a state of balance—the current tended to force it out while the pull of the rope counteracted this. In this condition, it was easy to direct the boat in or out with the steering oar. If the water was deep along the shore, the scow could be held close in and hauling was simple. But when it was necessary to pass outside shoals and riffles, the pull increased with the angle between the rope and the shore. Seven or eight men made a normal tracking crew, each man using his own tump line attached to the rope. The hauling was often the least part of the work. The men had to find footing as best they could along cut-banks, through willow scrub and over boulders and miry beaches, and the line had to be kept clear of snags and boulders. Often it was necessary to take to the water to permit the scow to clear obstructions. When one shore became impossible, the trackers were ferried across to try the other (and always the other shore looked best). Slowly they advanced up the miles of swift water and fought their way up the rapids, often foot by foot. Sometimes a line broke and hard-won distance was lost and often the scow grounded on boulders and the men had to get into the water to lift her off. The native rivermen were at their best on this work, sure-footed, strong and accepting hardships in good part. It all fitted in with the pattern of

their lives, and ahead lay Kapauinik, the Landing, and the joys of the home port after the season with the brigade.

Then the railway reached Fort McMurray. It was not a very good railway—a small storm or a moderate flood easily interrupted its halting service. The train crew became expert at putting derailed cars back on the track, and the engineers developed a fine sense for judging what was passable. Nevertheless, freight could be handled cheaper by it than by scow transport. The days of the brigade were over and, since then practically nothing has travelled through the rapids of the Athabaska except the ice of springtime and the drift carried by the flood.

Space does not permit of more than a reference to the men who gave life to the transport. One who had a genius for this work was Captain Haight, admiral of the Company's fleet. In addition to other qualifications, he was an "Okimow" under whom the native rivermen liked to work. He maintained the prestige of his position on the quarterdeck of his flag-scow with gold lace, ducks, and an iron-bound chest, but also he could talk to the men in a manner that excited their admiration, and afterwards he would joke with them in their own vernacular. How times have changed! When last I met the captain, he was skipper of a gasoline boat towing a scow up-stream, loaded with ex-trackers and their descendants and sixty sleigh dogs.

One wonders what has become of the rivermen of transport days. Many have passed on, some have been absorbed into the life of the encroaching civilization, and a few have moved out beyond, where they can still follow the old life of woods and stream. One encounters them with the pleasure of meeting old friends—like Francois, whom I met on the Upper Dubawnt. He was no longer young, and he recalled adventures with the brigade as part of his youth. He deplored the changes, the engines and the degeneration of the youths as compared with the men of our time; and he concluded rather sadly, "There are not many of us left now, m'sieu'."

Perhaps when another quarter of a century has passed, and some new form of transport is operating in the north, someone who is playing his part today will look back to the services performed by the pioneer railway; river boats, fighting flood and sandbars and storms on the big lakes; and aeroplanes, charting the airways across the northern woodlands and the Barren Grounds and, as he thinks of past adventures, he too will speak of the good old days, which are those through which we are now passing, and he will exalt the part that he and his companions played in the time-honoured words of Francois and Paul and all their forerunners, ". . . But we were men in those days."

Vista from Fort McMurray.

Tracking along the slippery ledges of the Lower Athabaska.

On the Upper River they think the tracking easy.

Nascopie Honeymoon

By
MAUD WATT

Honeymooning on the "Nascopie" was only the beginning of Mrs. Watt's story. She is one of the rare women to earn the northern accolade, the title of "a good traveller." Born at Mingan, she married J. S. C. Watt when he was a clerk there. She went north with him, and they returned by winter overland on foot to Seven Islands on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a tremendous journey for anyone. The Watts have two children, Jacqueline and Hugo, and live at North Bay. From 1919 to 1937 they were at Rupert's House on James Bay.

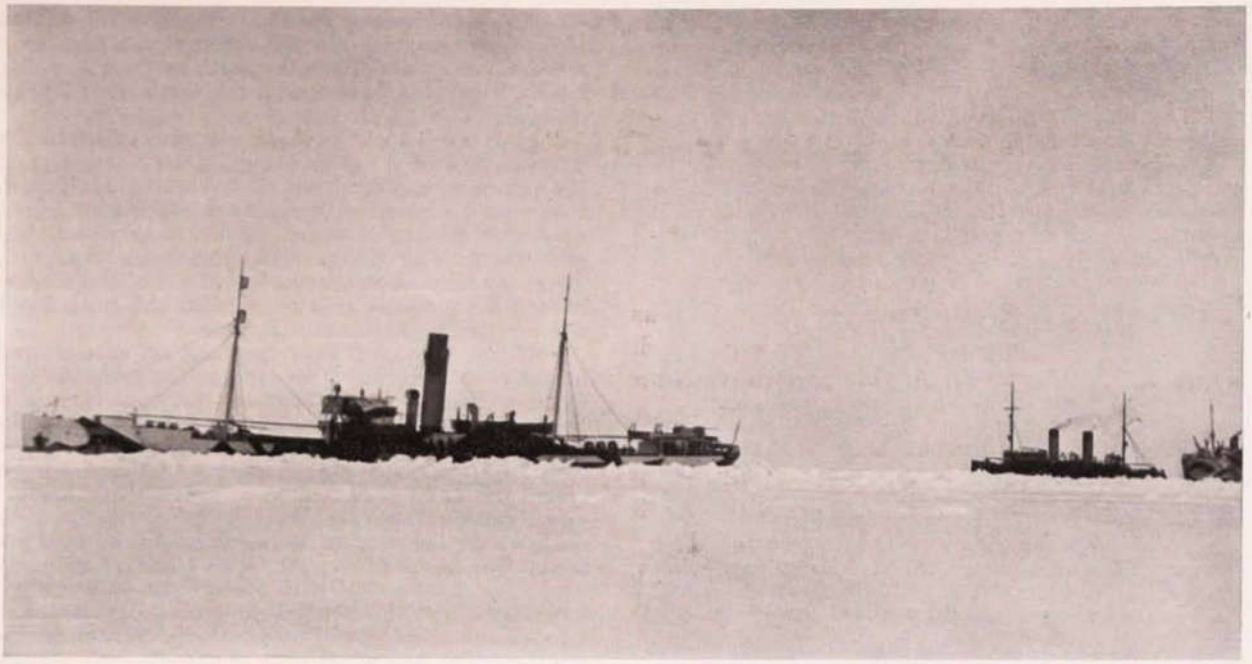
IN June 1915, we were married quietly at St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, and early in July left for our new home in the north on the good ship *Nascopie* of pleasant memories. My husband had been appointed to take charge of Ungava District, possibly the smallest district in the Hudson's Bay Company, and with the exception of the newly created district of Hudson Straits, the then *ultima Thule* of the fur trade.

Ballantyne's "Ungava" is possibly not so much read today as it was many years ago. I do not think Mr. Ballantyne ever visited Ungava, but his book gives a very realistic picture of the country and the building of Fort Chimo. Some of my friends had read this book, and some hadn't, but they all shook their heads and said, "poor Maud." I was beginning to feel sorry for myself, but my husband only laughed at the gloomy prospect. He was quite tickled; he had a new wife, and a district far from head office. As someone on the *Nascopie* told him one day we were held up by ice: "You don't need to worry; you have all your family right here."

Pleasant companions mean much on a long trip, and I got acquainted with the officers and some of the passengers while the ship was still in port. The officers were all wonderful. Captain Mack had only recently been appointed to command the *Nascopie* and this was his first trip in command. He was about a year younger than my husband, about the same height, but twice as big sideways, and very jolly. The first officer was Mr. Mulley, another big man sideways. He had a mighty voice that needed no megaphone, and sounded most formidable, but was kindness itself, especially where little Mrs. Watt was concerned. The third officer, Mr. Arnold, quite a young man, was christened Cupid by Miss Nicholson. The fourth was Mr. Burns, a quiet man, but a capable seaman, and always kind and considerate. Mr. Burns brought me a lovely dining room table as a wedding present next year when the ship arrived.

Now for the black gang, as Mr. Mulley called them —the engine room staff. The Chief, Mr. Ledingham, efficient, capable, and always good company. The second, Mr. Black, loved his engines. I liked to chat with him very much, although I realized that he probably did not rank mere woman in the same high class as engines. The third, Mr. Kavanagh, very quiet and dependable, and also devoted to his engines. I almost forgot the purser, John Allan Wilmot, who was usually known as Mr. Willie Mott, young and bright. Mr. Coats, the wireless operator, also young and efficient, always well dressed, spic and span. I held Mr. Coats up as an example for my husband to follow, but it never did any good. We used to play tricks on Mr. Coats later on the voyage, very silly tricks, now I come to think of them.

First on the passenger list comes the Company's Superintendent of Eastern Division, Mr. N. M. W. J. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie was a real old-timer in the Company's service, and had risen from the rank of carpenter to his present position. In his young days he had taken part in the North West Rebellion, and he had a gold watch presented to him by the Government for his services, but he never talked of this, and I never knew the particulars. Mr. McKenzie talked ever so many Indian languages, knew all about Indians, their ways and customs. The other passengers were women, two of them brides-to-be. Miss Leith from Scotland was going out to marry a Mr. Cumming, then accountant for the Nelson River District, and stationed at York Factory. Miss Williams, from the North of England, was going to marry Mr. J. B. Neil, then manager of York Factory, both were going to the same post.



R.M.S. "Nascopie," flagship of the Company fleet. She was very young when this picture was taken. This is not Hudson Bay, but the White Sea where the ice looks just as thick. The young "Nascopie" wears that strange garb of ships in war time: dazzle paint and camouflage. She was carrying supplies to starving Russians; later she transported Canadian troops to Murmansk and Archangel.

Miss Williams, afterwards Mrs. Neil, was for many years my next door neighbour when her husband was in charge of Moose Factory and my husband in charge of Rupert's House, only a hundred miles apart. Miss Winnie Nicholson was returning from school, and going home to Rupert's House with her father, Mr. Allan Nicholson.

The S.S. *Nascopie* was then almost new, a steel ice-breaker, and, I believe, one of the finest ever built. During the war she was employed in the White Sea. I have a picture of her breaking her way through the ice, followed by a huge Russian ice-breaker, and a number of camouflaged freighters. This incident was told me by one of the officers. The big Russian ice-breaker was in the lead and got stuck. The *Nascopie* ranged up alongside and hailed the Russian. "Shall I go ahead, sir?" shouted the *Nascopie* captain (then Captain Smellie).

"How the h— can you go ahead when I am stuck?" shouted back the Russian captain.

"Shall I try?" shouted back Captain Smellie.

"Yes, go to h— if you like," said the captain of the Russian.

The good old *Nascopie* broke through the ice jam, and took the lead.

The *Nascopie* also sank a submarine. Nearly all the Newfoundland steel ice-breakers were employed in the White Sea during the war, but of this fleet, so far as I know, only the *Nascopie* remains. I believe the Bolshevists seized all ships in Russian harbours, and that Captain Smellie ran away with the *Nascopie* and brought her safely to England to resume her more prosaic vocation of trading in the North. Perhaps it is because she was my honeymoon ship, but I think the *Nascopie* one of the most wonderful ships in the world.

In my day passenger accommodation was limited. Today, with two railway terminals in the Bay, the reconditioned *Nascopie* has now accommodation for more passengers.

It was sweltering hot in Montreal that summer, and I was glad when the ship was ready to sail. We embarked late one night, and I can't remember whether we sailed that night or the following morning, but there was a tremendous fire on the waterfront. Firemen and fire engines were rushing from all directions.

As Montreal gradually faded from view, my thoughts wandered to the future. We were leaving a world at war. Would I ever see Montreal again? What of our future in the north? With a world calling for steamers, would the Company be able to hang on to the *Nascopie*? Was it not probable she would be required to serve the greater need and the greater number, and have to leave the small scattered outposts of empire to fend for themselves? I thought of a little verse my husband liked:

> "A little while the tears and laughter,
> The willow and the rose;
> A little while, and what comes after
> No man knows."

Very soon I forgot to wonder, and began to take an interest in my new surroundings. The *Nascopie* was terribly loaded, I thought. The decks were covered with barrels, boats for the Eskimos, and canoes packed in sacking, piled so high you had to get on the upper deck to see over the top of them. My husband was already unpacking a new engine for his boat, the *Jean*, and was upset because some important part was missing. The wireless began to hum; Montreal was notified, and he was fortunate in being able to pick up the missing part when the pilot was dropped at Father Point. This boat, rechristened the *Prickley Heat* by Mr. McPhail, the boatswain, came in very useful

later on. With the single exception of Charlton Island, there was no wharf on the whole trip where the ship could go alongside and unload. The ship sometimes anchored over a mile from the post, and supplies were unloaded on two ship's boats lashed together and towed by a steam launch.

This launch was a constant source of trouble to the engineers and was always breaking down, and then there was a call for the *Prickley Heat*. My husband loved this, and at most ports of call, instead of escorting me around, he would be all grease and oil. I had bought him some silk handkerchiefs before leaving, and was very annoyed when I caught him wiping the engine with one. I took Mr. Mulley into my confidence and suggested the possibility of losing the boat overboard some dark night. Mr. Mulley was horrified, and said, "What would Jimmy do if he had no boat?" I didn't quite get this point of view at the time, and thought that so long as he had me he didn't need anything else.

We sailed down the beautiful St. Lawrence with its cultivated fields, its numerous little villages clustered around an imposing church. Then the Gulf and the open sea. We did not call at St. John's, Newfoundland, as the ship does now, and only got a glimpse of land again while passing through the Straits of Belle Isle. We had lots of books; my husband loved books as much as boats, but I never thought of throwing his books overboard. I remember we were reading the account of Roberval's voyage to Canada, and I thought, as we passed through the Straits, how terrible must have been the fate of Marguerite de Roberval, marooned with her lover on a lonely island in this desolate strait. The Isle of Demons, I think it was called.

We called at none of the Labrador ports. We saw no ice, and eventually arrived at Port Burwell, the eastern entrance of Hudson Straits. Here the H B C sailboat *King George* was waiting to take us the hundred odd miles to Fort Chimo, together with the year's mail—letters, magazines, papers, parcels containing Christmas cakes and what not.

Port Burwell looked cold, rocky and inhospitable. The boat looked very tiny alongside the *Nascopie*, and the prospect was far from cheerful. Mr. McKenzie, who was a western man, and accustomed to inland waters, shared my view and decided to take us all the way round, Fort Chimo being the last port of call. Everyone seemed to be pleased. My husband kidded himself the *Nascopie* required him and his boat, but I knew better, and felt quite flattered.

Soon after leaving Port Burwell, we encountered heavy ice in every direction as far as the eye could see. Once or twice we were held up, but only for a few hours, and not very often, for the tides are strong in Hudson Straits and the ice moves rapidly. Captain Mack now spent most of his time in the barrel at the masthead, and took advantage of every little lead of open water. When the leads were closed the ship charged the ice; backed up sometimes, and charged again. One wondered how any vessel could stand such usage; but the *Nascopie* didn't seem to mind, and after a while we got accustomed to the shock and hard knocks and didn't mind either. By this time I was quite at home, and my glimpse of Port Burwell did not inspire me with any wish for a speedy trip.

We reached the open sea again on the north side of the Straits, and then came fog, thick fog like pea soup. We were not annoyed by the whistle blowing, as no other vessel was thought to be within hundreds of miles of us. We got a surprise, however, when a steamer's whistle sounded quite close, and a huge weird shape glided past at no great distance. This turned out to be another ice-breaker, chartered by the Dominion

Ice in Hudson Bay, though it is summer.

Government, returning from Churchill or Nelson, where work was being carried on at a railway terminal. After this, when it was foggy, the whistle blew or the siren screamed at regular intervals.

We were now nearing Lake Harbour, the headquarters of the Straits District, and again encountered ice, and it seemed impossible to make any port in Baffin Land. We picked up a faint speck in the ice, which turned out to be the *Darrel*, with Mr. Ralph Parsons aboard. Mr. Parsons, now H B C Fur Trade Commissioner, was then in charge of Hudson Straits District, an entirely new district which he was gradually extending. We hailed the *Darrel*, and found they had either bent or broken their propeller and had been some ten days in the ice. The *Darrel* did look tiny in this huge icefield, where one would have thought a dog-team the only means of transportation.

I distinguished myself by being the first to see the beacon on Beacon Island at the entrance to Lake Harbour, and after some terrific pounding we arrived and anchored. As its name implies, Lake Harbour is landlocked, and from inside looks just like a lake. It is entirely surrounded by rugged rocks, but it did not have the inhospitable look of Port Burwell. The Post, built on the only possible site, looked well built, well painted and attractive with its well kept walks and trim appearance.

I do not remember that we towed the *Darrel* or whether she followed in our wake, but I remember Mr. Parsons coming aboard soon after we anchored. Mr. Parsons was no stranger; we had both known him before we were married. At the time I did not realize how glad he must have been to see the ship. One has to spend at least a year in the north to realize what "ship-time" means. I can well remember my first "ship-time" the following year, when the *Nascopie* was so late we had given her up. The ground was covered with snow and we had reconciled ourselves to another year of waiting. All of a sudden a shout went up: "Omiak!" "Omiaksuak!" "The ship!" "The big ship!" For the time being everyone just went mad. When the *Nascopie* rounded Whale Head and came into actual view, what a sight! What a glorious sight!

But we are still at Lake Harbour, and here I first met my friends, the Eskimos, the happy little people of the north, someone called them. Happy for the most part, here at Lake Harbour they did not impress me as being little. Some huge fellows clambered up the side—one particularly, with a red head and a fiery red beard, was anything but little. They all appeared to be in great good humour, shook hands heartily with everyone, and then commenced to investigate the ship and cargo.

We all had a run ashore, scampering over the rocks, picking Arctic flowers, visiting the Eskimo encampment, watching the women and children, Eskimo women wearing breeches. Between times we bothered Mr. Cantley, who would have enjoyed our visits more if he had not been so busy. None of us girls knew that ship-time is rush time. The post staff have mail to answer, supplies to check and all sorts of things to do. They get very little sleep when the ship is in port, and are usually so tired they are glad to see her leave.

Rev. A. L. Fleming joined the ship here, and contributed his share to the fun and good fellowship during the remainder of the voyage. Mr. Fleming had spent years as missionary to the Baffin Land Eskimos and could speak the language fluently. Before becoming a missionary, he had been a naval architect and, if I remember rightly, had helped to design the *Lusitania* or some of the other great ships. At any rate Mr. Fleming and my husband were always talking ships and boats. A few years ago Mr. Fleming was created first Anglican Bishop of the Arctic.

The siren for fog. The first great enemy of ships in the north is ice, but the second is fog.

Getting out of Lake Harbour was harder than getting in, as the ice had blocked the narrow channel, and we had some anxious moments as the *Nascopie* again and again pounded into the ice before finally breaking through. As a rule we thought smashing into the ice rather jolly, but the rocks at both sides of us looked perilously close.

Before the next port of call, Cape Dorset, we had got through the worst of the ice. I remember very little of Cape Dorset, except that it was well kept and trim like all the Straits Posts, but I still have pleasant recollections of the manager, Mr. "Lofty" Stewart.

Next came Wolstenholme, a port well known to the early explorers, the trim, well-painted post buildings built on a sand plateau, and surrounded by high rocky hills. Quite a pleasant spot on a fine day, but they told us the wind blows terribly here in winter. The year before, Wolstenholme was the scene of a tragedy. First, the manager's wife died, leaving a baby girl; then the manager and interpreter went out shooting in a canoe, upset, and both got drowned, leaving the

Lake Harbour in Baffin Land at the head of a 20-mile inlet. The post was founded in 1911 by the present Fur Trade Commissioner Ralph Parsons, and it was the first Company establishment on Baffin Island.

young clerk, Mr. Chalmers, in charge of the post and the baby girl. The baby girl survived and now lives with her grandparents in Scotland. A granite memorial commemorates the sad event and records the names of the two victims, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Ford. The memory of this incident cast a gloom on the ship, and for at least one night we were not so hilarious as usual.

Soon after leaving Wolstenholme, we steamed into Hudson Bay. And can anyone enter Hudson Bay for the first time without conjuring up a picture of Henry Hudson on the memorable voyage when he discovered this inland sea? Hudson on the small *Discovery*, perched high on the unprotected mast-head, fighting his way through the ice floes; his crew mutinous, supplies running low, but the star of hope burning brightly. Surely in this northern sea which lay before him was the North West Passage, the highway to Cathay, the fulfilment of dreams. Alas, Henry Hudson, no fulfilment of dreams lies ahead, only peril, disappointment and death. In your bitter hours of disappointment, little did you know your name would live forever, though no man knows your grave.

We crossed the northern end of Hudson Bay and soon were steaming through the narrow entrance to Churchill Harbour, with the massive ruins of Fort Prince of Wales on our right. Today Churchill is the terminal of the Hudson Bay Railway, but in those days all that was visible besides the ruined fort was the barracks of the R.C.M.P. and the Company's warehouse. The post was several miles further up. Next day we visited the ruins. Although the buildings within the fort have been burned and nearly destroyed, the walls, thirty to forty feet thick, appeared to be almost as good as ever. It seems extraordinary that on this desolate spot should have been built, if we except Quebec, the strongest fortress in North America. Commenced in 1732, it was only completed in 1771, and in 1782 it was captured by the French admiral Lapêrouse, who appeared with three ships and four hundred men. Samuel Hearne, the governor, had but thirty-nine men and seemed to have had no option but to surrender.

We visited Munck's cove, where the Dane, Jens Munck, and his crews spent such a terrible winter in 1619-20, dying one by one of scurvy. One can imagine the old Danish sea dog with shaky hands penning the words: "As I have no more hope of life in this world, herewith good-night to all the world, and my soul to God." Churchill must have had brighter moments, days when the ship from England would arrive and the traders would hold high carnival, but to me its memories are melancholy, Hearne surrendering his proud fortress, and Munck and his men dying.

We met several Mounted Policemen in their scarlet and gold, all well built, fine looking men. Mr. Moir,

Wolstenholme, pioneer post in Hudson Strait, established by Ralph Parsons in 1909. It was named by Henry Hudson to honor Sir John Wolstenholme, one of the searchers for the North West Passage.

the post manager, was up to his neck in work, and we saw little of him until just before leaving. We were hospitably entertained by the missionary and his wife, Rev. Mr. Sevier and Mrs. Sevier, who showed us the little church. Just before the whistle blew we said goodbye to our two brides-to-be who left the ship to proceed to York Factory in care of Captain Moore of the M.S. *Fort York*. They intended getting married soon after they arrived, but promised to delay the wedding feast until the arrival of the *Nascopie*. Before leaving we were joined by Mr. Patterson, then in charge of Nelson River District, who was coming with us to inspect Chesterfield Inlet Post. From the time he stepped aboard until he finally left us at York Roads, Mr. Patterson was the life and soul of the ship; nothing had the power of depressing him, and his funny stories flowed like a stream. Mr. Patterson and I played poker at odd times, and for high stakes. I lost and won cars, pianos, and jewels enough to cover the Queen of Sheba. My husband never would play cards. His grandmother had told him they were the devil's picture books. I wish she had told him that anything one's wife does is right beyond question.

The voyage from Churchill to Chesterfield Inlet was somewhat perilous, owing to the fact that for some unknown reason the compass, like the music, just went round and round. If I remember rightly, the theory was either some great iron deposits in the neighbourhood, or the fact that we were comparatively close to the magnetic pole. Now I believe they have some kind of a spinning top compass which makes navigation much easier in this locality.

We arrived safely at Chesterfield Inlet and anchored near the post. What a desolate spot—rocks, rocks and nothing but rocks. The little men of the north kind of fooled me here. I thought they were pirates at first, some of them dressed in Prince Albert coats, some with bowler hats on their heads, some with red tuques, all with long hair, smiling and cheerful. It appears this post had only been established for a year or two, and previous to this had been the headquarters of American whalers, which accounted for the costumes. Many of the Eskimos talked a kind of pidgeon English, partly Eskimo words and words picked up from the whalers, and a number of them were known by names given them by the whalers. One of them I remember, a broad shouldered individual, was "John L. Sullivan;" another was "Billiebedam."

We had scarcely anchored when the post manager and his assistant came aboard, Mr. Herbert Hall and Mr. Solomon Ford. Mr. Hall, a tremendously big man—not fat, just big—weighed three hundred pounds. Mr. Ford was quite a small man. Some wag on board christened them David and Goliath. We soon

got ashore and wandered all over the Eskimo camps and were highly amused at some of the scenes—little naked babies carried in pouches on their mothers' backs. Visited Father Turquetil (now Bishop Turquetil), who showed us a very interesting collection of photos. In the evening a dance, which I did not attend, but Mr. Patterson and my husband seemed to have enjoyed it. They told me there was even a square dance, the numbers called by John L. Sullivan. When it came to "Ladies in the center," John L. called out "Bunch your coonies." "Coonies" I found out, was whaler-Eskimo for ladies. There were some further details, which I won't repeat. Altogether, in spite of the desolate surroundings, Chesterfield appeared to be quite a cheerful place.

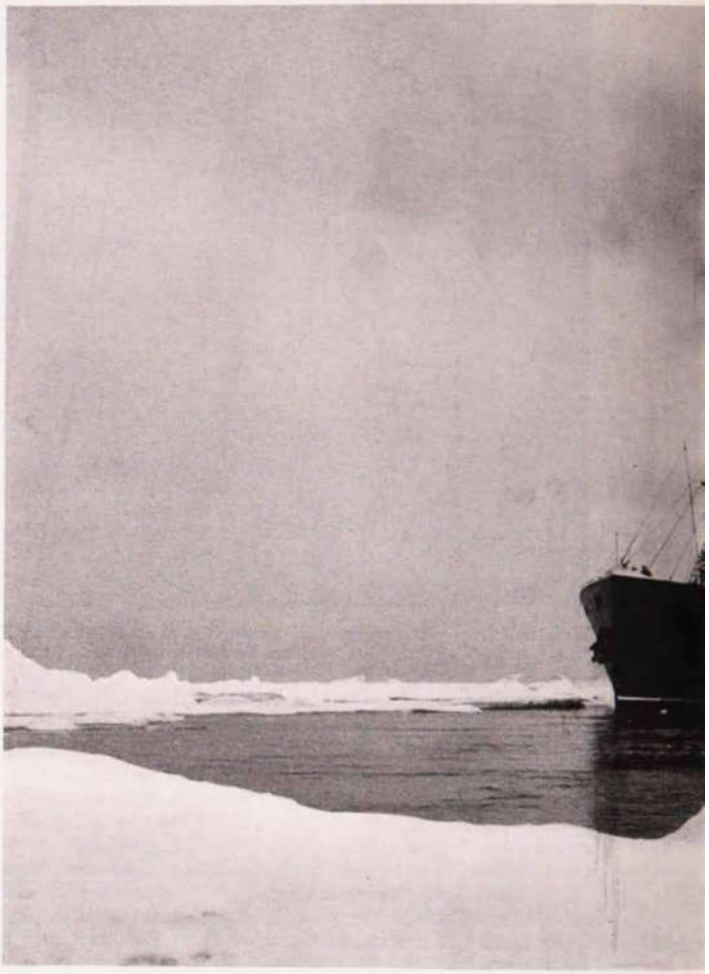
While still on the old whalers' stamping ground, I must mention Captain Comer, from New Bedford. I met Captain Comer on a later trip. His ship, the *Finback*, had been wrecked on an uncharted reef, somewhere in the north, and he and his crew were returning on the *Nascopie*. Captain Comer was one of the real old-timers who used to leave for a whaling trip with a crew largely composed of green hands, farm hands, tailors, tinkers and what not, and he was vastly interesting. Gave us young married people lots of advice on "how to be happy though married." Told us whenever he felt like having words with his wife he went out and chopped wood. He invited us to come and see him at New Bedford, told us we would easily find the place because it had the biggest wood-pile in the neighbourhood. A few years ago I heard his name on the air sending Christmas greetings to some of his friends in the north through KDKA northern broadcast. I hope he is still alive and well, and doesn't have to chop wood any more.

Again we up anchor, this time southward bound for York Factory. We anchored in York Roads, about seventeen miles from York Factory, which is on the Hayes River. Owing to the dangerous shoals, this is as close as any large vessel can approach.

It must have been somewhere near here that the Battle of the Bay occurred in 1697 between D'Iberville in his flagship *Pelican* and the H B C ships, *Hampshire*, *Hudson's Bay* and *Dering*. D'Iberville's ship was raked fore and aft with fire but beat off all attempts to board her. The *Hampshire* suddenly ceased fire and sank with her 290 men. The *Hudson's Bay* surrendered, and the *Dering* escaped to the mouth of the Nelson River. A figure in Canadian history was D'Iberville during the old French regime, a colourful, fascinating person, always popping up where he was least expected, bushranger, trader, seaman, officer in the French navy, discoverer of the mouth of the Mississippi after La Salle failed to locate it; dying at last in the West Indies.

The *Nascopie* was unloaded by the M.S. *Fort York* and a number of large open boats, when the weather permitted, and that was not very often. Altogether the ship was thirteen days at York Roads. Now all supplies for this district are landed at Churchill. I remember one rough day when the *Fort York* careered madly round the *Nascopie* with a string of signal flags flying. Captain Mack and his officers tried to decipher the message, but the best they could make of it was, "Do you want a nurse?" They decided it was a joke, but it turned out the *Fort York* had lost both anchors, and getting no assistance from the *Nascopie* had to run ashore on a mud bank. The argument about the signal flags was not finished when we left.

We had a minor accident at York Roads. On deck we carried a large and very heavy power tug, *Patricia*. This tug was built for the use of York Factory. It was too heavy to be handled by the ship's derricks, and two huge baulks of timber were also carried on deck to be used as sheerlegs while hoisting the tug over the side. One day the weather was fine and the sheerlegs were rigged up to hoist this monster over the side, but it was a difficult operation, and old McPhail, the boatswain, himself had to climb up and make some adjustments. McPhail always wore slippers, and, while up on the sheerlegs, his slippers fell off and disclosed the fact that he had no soles at all to his stockings. Afterwards, I offered to darn his stockings, but he said he liked them that way and didn't even thank me. The *Patricia* was hoisted up, and was just being lowered over the side when the sheerlegs broke. The *Patricia* hit the ship's side, carrying away part of the rail, and went to the bottom. No one was injured, although several of the crew had a narrow squeak.



The "Nascopie" as she looks today. Gallant, stout-hearted, patient, she is
northern navigation. Some day her story

We rolled and rocked about a few days before we could go ashore. Poor Mr. Patterson was seasick, the only time I ever did see him unhappy. At York Factory we were welcomed by Mrs. Patterson, Ken, the two new wives and their husbands, and a numerous staff, and altogether had a grand time. There were a great many buildings, some of them old and interesting. A tower from which you could see the ship with a good telescope. There was the famous old guard-room,

the uncrowned queen of the Arctic, and she has a history unparalleled in will be written, and it will be worth reading.

and a good library, with a skull in it which Mr. Patterson assured us was the same skull mentioned by Ballantyne in his book "The Young Fur Traders." The married staff had separate houses, and very nice houses, too. We stayed with Miss Leith, now Mrs. Cumming, and helped her set up some of the new furniture which had come out on the ship "knocked down." We roamed all over the place; visited the parsonage, and met Archdeacon Ferris, his wife and mother; visited the old church, with a memorial window to Sir John Franklin; and Mr. Ferris was kind enough to read to us in Cree, to let us hear how it sounded. I said we, but this did not include my husband, who was lost part of the time, buried among some old journals.

To return to the skull in the library. I don't suppose many people read Ballantyne's books today, so will repeat the story as I remember it. It appears the doctor then stationed at York Factory was very anxious to obtain a head to dissect, and by some means obtained the head of a dead Indian. One day the cook was baking a big batch of bread in a large outdoor oven, when one of the young clerks managed to steal the head and placed it in the oven with the bread. One can picture the gruesome surprise the cook must have got when he opened the oven and found the roast head along with his bread. I never touched bread while at York Factory; I was always afraid it might have been cooked in that terrible oven.

The wedding feast came off the second evening after we got ashore, and was very delightful. We all enjoyed it. Ever so many speeches were made, the usual silly kind at weddings. The only really good speech was by Mr. Wilmot. We said goodbye to our kind friends, and, after pitching and tossing a few more days at York Roads, we up-anchor again, once more southward bound, with Charlton Island as our destination.

The trip to Charlton was uneventful, fine weather and no ice, and the *Nascopie* ploughed along smoothly. We anchored in the splendid harbour between Charlton and Danby Islands. The pleasant, wooded islands looked quite tropical after the rocks and desolation of further north. Here was no trading post, but a big warehouse, the distributing center of James Bay District. For the first time during our long trip, the *Nascopie* was very very carefully hauled in alongside a very small wharf.

The small distributing steamer *Inenew* was anchored in the sound, and her master, Captain Redfearn, paid us frequent visits. I wish I could remember all the interesting stories I heard, tales of the north, tales of India, of Australia, of African ports. The men who congregated in that small room, seemed to have been everywhere, seen everything and remembered everything.

As usual we spent a very pleasant time at Charlton, and one day the captain, engineer, Mr. Wilmot and several more of us went on a shooting expedition and picnic on another island a few miles away. I do not remember how the hunters spent the day or what they shot, but I spent a lovely day picking berries and thoroughly enjoyed myself. At night, when we were ready to return, we found our boat high and dry, and had to wait several hours for the tide to rise. We built a huge fire and sat around telling stories and talking. On the ship they were getting worried at our absence, thought we had wrecked our boat, thought everything of course but the right thing. Mr. Coats, the marconi man, knew I could read Morse code, so signalled with a lamp, "If you want any assistance light two fires." About midnight the tide came in, the men all got wet wading out, but of course I got carried. We soon reached the ship, and in no time were tucked up comfortably in our bunks.

Charlton Island has its historical associations, but history is not my strong point. If I remember rightly, two more seekers for the North West Passage, Captain Fox and Captain James, anchored once in Charlton Sound and chaffed each other about their hopes to meet the Emperor of Japan. Captain James wintered at Charlton Island during the winter of 1631-32.

At Charlton Miss Winnie Nicholson said goodbye, and left for her home at Rupert's House, now for many years past my home. At this port we were joined by Mr. Flaherty, Sr., Mrs. Flaherty, Jr., and Miss Thurston and Mr. Flaherty, Jr., who contributed French-Canadian stories to our home circle. Mr. Flaherty, Jr., afterwards filmed the popular Arctic picture, "Nanook of the North."

Soon we bade farewell to our Charlton friends and steamed up the Bay, homeward bound. Although I looked forward to seeing my new home at Fort Chimo, I was quite at home where I was, and would have liked nothing better than just to keep on sailing, visiting all the countries I heard so much about, and felt that when I did reach my new home I would find it hard to part with all the good friends who had done so much to make the trip pleasant.

I was going to say this part of the trip was uneventful, but we had a bear hunt. At one of the ports we had taken aboard a young white bear. The bear was caged securely in a strong wooden cage. But one day the bear, rather a savage customer, escaped, and the decks cleared quickly. I wish I could have seen from a secure spot how he was recaptured, but I couldn't, and just had to wait. All the men said they weren't afraid, but I don't believe them. Most of them got in a safe place just as I did. Mr. Arnold, no longer "cupid" but a heroic figure, distinguished himself by recapturing the bear.

We called at Wolstenholme, Stupart's Bay and Lake Harbour. Today the *Nascopie* storms up Davis Straits and Baffin Bay to within hailing distance of the North Pole, but in my day Lake Harbour was "farthest north." One morning a few days after leaving Baffin Land I heard the captain hail my husband and tell him the bold rocky island we were passing was Akpatok, and that we would soon reach the mouth of the Koksoak River. Next morning we anchored some distance from the mouth of the river, and a boat came out with old Partridge, the pilot, a very tall old Eskimo with a white beard, a nice old man with almost a Scot's sense of humour. I always think there is quite a decided resemblance between the two races, but my husband opposes this view; so I must be wrong.

With Partridge on the bridge, we threaded our way through the shoals and rushed up the river, helped by the rising forty-foot tide, past McKay's Island, past Whale Head, and at last anchored opposite Fort Chimo. I was agreeably surprised. The Koksoak River, though far from being tropical like Charlton, was wooded in the sheltered spots, and the post looked trim and comfortable, painted white with red roofs, and with a magnificent flagpole in the center square. I went ashore, accompanied by Mr. McKenzie, and shook hands with all the jolly Eskimos and the more solemn Nascopie Indians. One old lady, who, I found out afterwards, was Mrs. Snowball, shook hands and said "good night," quite proud of her English.

We were introduced to Mr. Hooker, the out-going manager, and to Mrs. Hooker, then to Mr. and Mrs. Romanet, Rev. S. M. Stewart, Dr. Davis, and Messrs. Livingston, McGibbon, Caldwell and Welch, Tommy Gordon the interpreter, Mr. and Mrs. Job Edmonds, and Mr. and Mrs. David Edmonds, my very good friends during the next few years. The next few days passed all too quickly; then I managed to keep smiling while I said goodbye to all my good friends on the *Nascopie*. Old Mrs. Edmonds had come aboard to escort me ashore. She had not met my husband, and just after leaving the steamer, she said, "My, we have forgot the master," I pointed to my husband. "Why," said the old lady, "that can't be him; he is too young, and his hair is all stuck up." It still sticks up, but now-a-days I am glad he has any left to stick up.

Three long years seemed a long time to look forward to. Three long years before I would again step aboard the *Nascopie* outward bound. The three years soon passed, and after all we did not go by the *Nascopie*. We walked.

Fort Chimo—Chimo is an Indian-Eskimo word which means good cheer. The site was visited by Hendry in 1827. The post has existed since 1830, although abandoned from 1842 to 1866.

David Douglas

By
A. GRACE GRAY

David Douglas, naturalist, who loved the forest and gave beauty to our world.

INDIANS roving through the forests west of the Rocky Mountains between 1824 and 1833 often encountered a rough-looking white man with a gun slung across his shoulders, a sack upon his back, and a shaggy terrier at his heels. This man sometimes stopped them to ask strange questions about plants and birds, and then passed on his way. The Indians seldom offered to molest him; instead they feared and respected the "Grass Man," as they called him, who was famous among their tribes as a "big medicine." This was the title and reputation earned by that stalwart Scot who, by his travels into the wilds of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and California, did much to advance the interests of botanical science, and whose name is commemorated in one of the finest timber trees of the Pacific coast, the magnificent Douglas fir.

David Douglas, the son of a stone mason, was born in 1798 in the quiet village of Scone on the banks of the Tay. His father had ambitions that the boy should be a scholar, but the only books young David liked were "Robinson Crusoe," "Sinbad the Sailor," and accounts of travel. The scenery around his native Scone, set as it was against the strong background of the Highlands where the Tay winds down into the rich valley of Strathmore, filled the lad's heart with an intense love of nature. Fishing and bird-nesting became his favourite occupations. He spent his pennies at the village butcher shop for food for a family of voracious young owls which he had captured.

When he was twelve he became an apprentice to the gardener at Scone Palace where he served seven years. Then he took a better situation in the garden of Sir Robert Preston at Culross. This nobleman had a large collection of exotic plants which were a source of great interest to Douglas. There was also an excellent botanical library at the mansion house, to which he was given access and after two years' diligent study and research he was able to get employment in the Botanic Garden at Glasgow. Here Sir W. J. Hooker, professor of botany, was warmly attracted to the young labourer who, thirsty for knowledge, came daily into the classroom with the medical students at the lecture hour. The great man not only gave him help and encouragement in his studies, but took him as his companion on many delightful summer excursions to Ben Lomond, Balquidder, and the Western Islands.

On the recommendation of Hooker, Mr. Joseph Sabine, Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society of London, in 1823 selected Douglas to go as a collector to eastern United States and Canada in the interests of the Society. Here he made an extensive botanical collection which included a number of new discoveries of both plants and trees. On his return to England his report of what he had learned caused Mr. Sabine to send him again the following year to the region around the Columbia River. The nine months' voyage around Cape Horn, aboard the Hudson's Bay Company ship the "William and Ann," was filled with interest for Douglas by his studies in natural history. Sitting on deck, he hooked up the seaweed and cast bait for the birds. They called in at the island of Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe was supposed to have been stranded, and, to Douglas' surprise and delight, they discovered a second Robinson Crusoe. He was a Londoner, William Clark by name, who had come there five years previously to enjoy freedom and solitude. Douglas took away from the island specimens of its indigenous plants, and in return sowed the

seeds of the fruit trees and vegetables which have enriched it since his visit.

On April 25, 1825, the ship came to anchor in the Columbia River, and Douglas declared it one of the happiest moments of his life. He was fortunate in having as a companion on this first voyage to the Northwest coast Dr. John Scouler, a fellow naturalist, and also a pupil of Sir William J. Hooker, who had secured his appointment as surgeon to the ship. After their arrival on the Columbia, Scouler and Douglas spent a few weeks together exploring and collecting botanical and other natural history specimens in the vicinity of Cape Disappointment, Astoria, and Fort Vancouver. On June 1, Dr. Scouler left with his ship for the northwards, and Douglas established his headquarters at Fort Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay Company post which became his home during his pioneer life.

He immediately proceeded to his work, and by the time the ship returned four months later he had completed three journeys and was able to despatch a quantity of specimens. The following excerpts from Douglas' writings best illustrate his activities, observations, and collections made on his various excursions along the lower Columbia: "I laboured under very great disadvantage by the almost continual rain; many of my specimens I lost, and although I had several oilcloths I was unable to keep my plants and blanket dry or to preserve a single bird; saw many pelicans of one species, but could not obtain any, (I believe it to be the same as the one I killed in the Galapagos), one albatross, some petrels which did not come under my eye during my voyage out, one large brown gull, and a small white with bluish wing on the upper side . . . . . I arrived again at Fort Vancouver on August 5th, and employed myself until the 18th drying the specimens I had collected, and making short journeys in quest of seeds and plants, my labours being seriously retarded by the rainy weather. As there were no houses built in this new station, I first occupied a tent which was kindly offered me, and then removed to a larger deer-skin tent which soon, however, became too small for me in consequence of the augmentation of my collections. A hut, constructed of the bark of Thuja occidentalis (oak) was my next habitation, and there I shall probably take up my winter quarters. I have been in a house only three nights since my arrival in North-Western America, and those were the first after my debarkation. On my journeys I occupy a tent wherever it is practicable to carry one, which, however, is not often, so that a canoe turned upside down is my occasional shelter; but more frequently I lie under the boughs of a pine tree, without anything further. In England people shiver at the idea of sleeping with their windows open; here each person takes his blanket and stretches himself with all possible complaceney on the sand or under a bush, as may happen, just as if he were going to bed. Habit has rendered the practice so comfortable to me that I look upon anything more as mere superfluity."

On March 24, 1826, he writes to Dr. Hooker: "During the past winter I have been continually picking up Musci and Jungermanniae, and forming a collection of birds and other animals. My knowledge is somewhat limited in these families, so that I hardly dare to pronounce as to what may be new; but I take care to secure everything I can lay my hands upon." His faunal discoveries in 1825 included the Oregon Ruffed Grouse, the Coastal White-tailed Deer, and the Douglas Pocket Gopher.

Having decided to spend his second season exploring the upper country towards the headwaters of the Columbia, which skirt the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains and possess a vegetation and fauna quite different from that prevailing on the coast, Douglas embarked on the spring boat, leaving Fort Vancouver on March 20, 1826, bound for the interior. During that spring and summer he journeyed up the Columbia to Fort Okanagan, Spokane, and Kettle Falls, returning down the Columbia to Walla Walla, with three excursions into the Blue Mountains of south-eastern Washington. He also followed the Snake river to its north and south forks, made a second trip to Spokane and Kettle Falls, and after an overland trip to Okanagan returned down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver where he arrived on August 30. The balance of the season he spent on a journey southwards from the Columbia into the region of the Umpqua river, Oregon, in other trips down the river to the ocean and northwards along the coast, and in his daily wanderings around Fort Vancouver.

By his skill in discerning the unknown trees and plants, and his industry in collecting, he had introduced during the space of two years (1826 and 1827) three hundred new names to the vocabulary of botany. Whenever he had received the least indication of a new plant he could not rest until he had found its habitat and secured its seeds. While making a trip to the region of the Pinus Lambertiana the cones of which he had secured from the Indians, a terrific storm burst upon him in the forest. He was further delayed by a dangerous illness which prostrated him for some days. When after many difficulties he reached the grove on the Umpqua river, the precious cones hanging from the pendulous branches were too high for him to reach without peril to his life. He managed to obtain three with almost fatal results. Then, since he could neither climb the tree nor hew it down, he attempted to shoot down the cones. Scarcely had the report of his gun echoed through the forest when he found himself surrounded by Indians in war-like array—with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears, and knives. He had invaded their sacred grove; he had dared to fire upon their sacred trees. Douglas managed to stay their wrath and betook himself to the depths of the forest. On the return trip hostile Indians again barred his way and a dreadful storm overtook him. After twelve days of extreme misery and danger during which his horse perished, he emerged to the Columbia where friends nursed him back to health.

On March 20, 1827, Douglas, with Dr. John McLoughlin and Edward Ermatinger left Fort Vancouver by the annual express for the interior, intending to make an overland trip across the continent to Hudson Bay and thence to England. In summing up his supplies for this proposed journey, he writes: "My store of clothes is very low, nearly reduced to what I have on my back—one pair of shoes, no stockings, two shirts, two handkerchiefs, my blanket, and cloak. Thus I adapt my costume to that of my country, as I could not carry more without reducing myself to an inadequate supply of paper, and such articles as I require for my business."

After crossing the Rocky Mountains, Douglas met the exploring party of Sir John Franklin at Norway House, and joined with them part way on his trip to York Factory on Hudson Bay, where he sailed for England, arriving home October 11, 1827.

For his many new discoveries he received eminent recognition by scientific organizations in England and Scotland. But, wearying of the many social demands made upon his time and energy, Douglas soon set about to prepare himself for a second journey to the region which offered such rich opportunities for exploration and discovery. Having added considerably to his knowledge and equipment he left England late in 1829 and arrived at Fort Vancouver the following May. Although of this second journey to the Northwest Coast most of his daily journals were lost, from letters written to Dr. Hooker and Joseph Sabine we know that he sent back to England even more extensive botanical collections than he had made before; also that his meteorological and geographical observations were extensive. In the succeeding months following his arrival at Fort Vancouver, the greater part of his time was spent in the interior of the Columbia making collections and meteorological observations. From December 22, 1830, until August of 1832 was spent in collecting operations in California. In October, 1832, he returned to the Columbia by way of the Hawaiian Islands and spent the following months at Fort Vancouver, including a trip north to Puget Sound in March, 1833.

Luckily for himself and his work, Douglas understood how to deal prudently and confidently with the Indians. Many times he awed them into fear by a display of apparently supernatural powers. Once, having finished a piece of salmon in the presence of a large number of Indians whom he had reason to distrust, he brought from his pocket some effervescing powder which he carried as a medicine, put it into some water, stirred it with his finger and drank it before them. The red men were impressed. A man who could swallow boiling water was not to be interfered with, especially one who could boil it with his finger. Another effective trick was to light his pipe with a lens, and still another was to put on his blue spectacles. When one warrior was boasting in a threatening tone of his prowess, Douglas quietly lifted his gun and brought down a bird flying overhead. This manifestation of his power struck terror to their hearts; they had never shot anything on the wing. "My fame was hereupon sounded throughout the country. Ever since I have found it to be of the utmost importance to bring down a bird flying when I go near any of their lodges, taking care to make it appear as a little matter, not done to be observed." A friendly chief having done him a service, the "Grass Man" bored a hole through his only shilling, and suspended it by a brass wire to the septum of his nose which was pierced according to the custom of his tribe. Another chief was rewarded for a similar service by being shaved after the manner of white men.

Having made many perilous journeys through Oregon, Washington Territory, and California, Douglas resolved to push into the northern part of British Columbia, and left Fort Vancouver on March 20, 1833. But in crossing the Fraser river near Quesnelle on June 13, his canoe was dashed to pieces upon the rocks, all his provisions and specimens were lost, and he was thrown into the icy waters, to be tossed finally, numb and bleeding, on the shore. From that disaster Douglas never quite recovered. It not only discouraged him from proceeding on that expedition, but made him anxious to return home. The loss of his four hundred specimens—the product of arduous toil—weighed heavily upon his mind. He grew lonely, despondent, and acknowledged that but for the companionship of his Bible which he carried with him and perused on all his wanderings, and the sympathy and support of the Faithful Redeemer in Whom he believed, he must have perished in utter hopelessness. His body, too, was beginning to feel the rigour of the years. Although only thirty-four his eyesight was failing, a serious handicap in shooting. In packing his first box of specimens he had hurt his knee which now became so lame that he was forced to lie in the rain for several days, unable to move. He had sacrificed everything for the sake of his plants, even wearing a damp shirt on occasion that he might have a dry one to wrap around his specimens. Their loss seemed more than he could bear.

In October, 1833, Douglas embarked for the voyage back to Britain. At the Sandwich Islands he left the ship which had to wait there for cargo and set out to explore the country, particularly the volcanic region. After his visit to the volcano Mauna Kea he writes: "Gratified though one may be at witnessing the wonderful works of God in such a place as the summit of this mountain presents, still it is with thankfulness that we approach a climate more congenial to our natures and welcome the habitations of our fellow-men where we are soothed and refreshed with the scent of vegetation and by the melody of birds."

The last words he wrote were to Professor Hooker: "May God grant me a safe return to England. I cannot but indulge the pleasing hope of being soon able in person to thank you for the signal kindness you have ever done me." But this hope was not to be fulfilled. He had resolved to visit Mauna Kea once more. His servant having failed on the way, he called at the home of Edward Gurney, an Englishman who had a house in the region of the mountain, and asked to be shown the best path. After breakfasting together Gurney accompanied him for about a mile, pointed out the different paths, and specially warned him of the many pit-traps which the natives were accustomed to lay for the catching of wild cattle. Douglas had not gone more than two miles when he came to one of these into which a bullock had fallen. He looked into it, passed by, and went up the hill. There some idea induced him to turn back. Leaving his faithful terrier to guard his bundle he proceeded to examine the pit more minutely. While doing so he missed his footing and fell down into the pit beside the enraged bullock. Two natives who were passing heard his cries and saw him under the feet of the animal. They swiftly brought Gurney to the spot. He shot the bullock, but Douglas was already dead.

It was a tragic end to a remarkable career. His death was all the more unfortunate since he had not completed the account of his explorations nor had he left any description of the four hundred specimens he had lost. But in spite of his misfortunes and untimely death, Douglas in the brief span of his thirty-five years had accomplished much for the welfare of humanity. In the churchyard at Scone there stands a monument to his memory "erected by the lovers of botany in Europe," and on its reverse side is a list "of a few of the numerous trees, shrubs and ornamental plants introduced by Douglas." Among these we recognize many of the annuals now common in our gardens, and of the trees and shrubs that are favourites in our grounds. Thus is perpetuated the name and memory of him who loved so well the forest and the great outdoors.

They Shall Grow Not Old

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

ON his last journey for the Hudson's Bay Company, Douglas MacKay stopped in Vancouver to speak to a small convention of western HBC wholesale travellers. His speech has a ringing message for every Company employee, and so it appears in full on the following pages.

At the end of this same week, he concluded the fifth in a series of historical subjects for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. On January 8, his subject was Fort Victoria and Sir James Douglas, and towards the close of it he used the phrase "tablets of stone." By a coincidence the Presbyterian clergyman who conducted his simple funeral service at St. Paul, Minnesota, chose to read from II Corinthians, 3:

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men. Forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart."

Almost the same thought was expressed by Pericles in his funeral oration over Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian war:

"For the whole earth is a sepulchre of famous men and their story is not graven only on stone but lives on far away without visible symbol, woven in the stuff of other men's lives.

"For you now it remains to rival what they have done."

This last sentence is the perfect expression of what he, with his deep love of history, his faith in the present, and his happy confidence in the future, tried to embody in his final speech to Company employees.

His speech follows:

Most corporations the size of the Hudson's Bay Company have substantially large head offices where a great many people are planning and working in the interests of the corporation as a whole. With us, we have the Canadian Committee Office, where a very small group of us are detached from departmental work. It is all part of the larger scheme of decentralization and localized authority with which you are familiar, but it places upon us in the Canadian Committee Office a very heavy responsibility for the promotion of the Company inclusively.

If any of us are asked for whom we are working, we say automatically, "The Hudson's Bay Company." Just how true is that? Are we working for the Company, or for the Land Department, or the Wholesale Department, or the Wines and Spirits Department or the Fur Trade Department? These are questions worth putting to yourself from time to time, because we are all, wherever we are, whether we like it or not, representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company. This applies particularly to outside salesmen. The irritation you leave behind in any business contacts will not be attributed to you necessarily, but long after you are gone the irritated person will still hold it against this Company. It works the other way, of course—that the consideration, the courtesy, the services which you are able to render, also accumulate to the prestige of this Company from which we earn our bread and butter.

Now some of these things may seem very obvious, but in going about the Company, touching almost all

Douglas MacKay with his sons, Shane and John

departments daily, it is a subject which forever intrudes upon my experiences. Briefly, wherever you are, you are the Company's representative, and while one cannot go about one's business being one hundred per cent. good Samaritan and saviour of mankind, the small courtesies and consideration for others which you are able to carry into your business, will accumulate to the benefit of all of us; and don't forget that if you get slapped into the hoosegow for the embezzlement of Company funds, the resultant publicity will probably do greater damage to the Hudson's Bay Company and all of us, than it will to your wives and your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

It is part of my business to look after matters relating to the historical aspects of this Company. In a world where the business of working and earning a living is as strenuous as it is today, history cannot have much place. But I suggest to you that it is a subject not to be despised. Moreover, it is a matter which deserves at least your casual consideration from time to time. I have no patience with people who brush history aside as bunk. My answer to that is that yesterday was history, and that intelligent men who know how people reacted under certain circumstances in the past, are shrewder and wiser because they know how they will react to certain things in the future. The cheap, easy dismissal of history is usually by people who themselves reminisce widely and freely. I am suggesting to you today the subject of this Company's history, not as something which is an obscure matter for scholars and historians, but which can be and is a lively subject—a subject which should have for most of us a hobby interest and a good many useful lessons of how men and companies have lived, worked, and survived.

In these times there is a common crime of bigness. The bigger the business the better target it becomes for unsuccessful little men. Even governments in some countries appear to be instinctively distrustful of business because it is big. In our Company we are in a peculiar position which suggests a vastness not borne out by facts. We are large, but we are not very big. The diversity of our activities throughout the north, our chain of department stores, and our land holdings, create the illusion of something colossal, with the result that we are too frequently bracketed with similar commercially larger organizations, and having the real and long history, we are a convenient target for cheap sneers.

In those cities where we are in the retail business, we are to a very large extent just another retailer—"The Bay"—but I cannot impress upon you too much the prestige which the Company enjoys by reason of its name and associations, in Eastern Canada and the United States. There are hundreds of people for whom the Hudson's Bay Company in all its ramifications is a great enthusiasm. They believe in us as a great trading Company, maintaining superb standards of merchandise, rich in a tradition of personnel and public services. These people want to read everything they can put their hands on about the Company. If you could see a week's correspondence passing through my own office, you would appreciate the almost world-wide interest in the Company. Notice, for instance the paid

subscriptions to *The Beaver*, which are mounting rapidly into the thousands. I have been told by professors in the universities of the east how the students from the west will almost invariably rush to the defence of the Company historically if the subject comes up, though doubtless it seldom crossed their minds while living in the west.

All of us have encountered from time to time the misguided attacks on the Company, and travelling as you do, you meet these more frequently than most of us. Perhaps I can, in a few minutes, give you some of the right answers. Certainly I think you should be equipped to meet critics, and certainly I believe you should never let loose talk about the Company go unchallenged. I should preface this by saying the obvious thing, that no company having the long history which ours enjoys, could possibly have survived without a few dark pages. It is inevitable. No person goes through life without a few discreditable acts attached to his record. But I can say to you quite honestly, that the record of this Company as a whole, will stand in high favour by comparison with most governments and any corporation.

You are familiar with the old prejudices. Take the ownership of land. We acquired seven million acres upon the Deed of Surrender in 1869 as part of the transfer of Western Canada to the Dominion Government, after having held it since Charles II's Royal Charter. You will hear men say: "What did the Hudson's Bay Company ever do to earn that land?" (We still have two million acres of it.) It is like saying to a grandson of a homesteader who got free land in the west: "What did your grandfather ever do to deserve this farm?" In the case of the Hudson's Bay Company, the answer is that the lean, tough, leathery men of the Fur Trade lived and starved and worked for two hundred years maintaining law and order and British justice in the wilderness. And if they had not, Western Canada would not have been British to this day. Compare the west with the Indian massacres of settlers in the United States, massacres that came up even to the border at Pembina, but not over that border because the Company ruled there, dealing honourably with native people. And if anybody wants any further argument on the subject, please send for me because I can talk on this particular subject interminably.

Another common brickbat—the old rum and Indian question. Certainly spirits were traded with the Indians. But, first, the period was very brief; second, the Company was forced into it by bitter competition of the North West Company and the cheap rum brought from the West Indies; third, from 1830 on the Company did everything possible to discourage the traffic; fourth, by 1860 only old men in the Company could recall days when Indians got spirits; fifth, a British Parliamentary enquiry in 1857 gave the Company a clear bill of health, and customs statistics showed that in the very peak year of the liquor traffic, if every Indian in the west had got rum, each would have had about one tablespoonful. These are just a few of the answers. But let me add this, that when rum was being used in the Fur Trade, ten-year-old children were working in the mines of England, and great fortunes were being built in the United States and England on the buying and selling of human beings. There was no social conscience. Indians were free men, much better off than the children of working-class England, or the black slaves brought from Africa like cattle. The times were different and no one knew better than Scottish fur traders that a drunken Indian was no trapper and that sober Indians were the best asset the Hudson's Bay Company could have.

It has been said by some cynic that what the Company did to the Indians was nothing compared with what they have done to the white people. Actually, this Company's story in the west is one of the most extraordinary incidents of imperial expansion in the world's history. They came without the firing of guns and took and occupied for two hundred years literally an empire, and maintained the peace. If they had burned native villages and planted flags and shouted, the Company's men would probably have been buried in Westminster Abbey. But they came as traders, and war is the enemy of trade. They lived in the wilderness in an orderly way, kept their records and journals in good order, and no frontier has ever been expanded with more careful documentation than the growth of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada.

If anyone wants to learn the qualities of the Company, let him talk to those old men who have grown up in the west and who knew the officers of this Company in the '70's. It has been said that these grand old men were nature's complete combination of officers and gentlemen. They gave to this Company a loyalty which has never been paralleled in any commercial organization in the world, and is comparable to the *esprit de corps* of the army or the Royal Navy. The Company and the west and Canada owe more than is generally acknowledged to the character of these men.

Now with all this wealth of history behind us—all this experience and knowledge of human beings and how they behaved, we should be, in certain respects, the shrewdest, wisest Company in the world. After all, we have been importing tobacco since 1670, wines and spirits for 265 years, tea since 1716, blankets for more than 150 years, and so on. We all should know these businesses better than anyone else. We should know more about tobacco, imported tea, and tea blending. The world has reason to expect these things from us.

Often we are criticized for not exploiting this past more than we do. The answer is that there is a very delicate shadow-line between promoting ourselves with all the trimmings of Royal Charters, our Company of Adventurers, flags, coat-of-arms, etc., and being silly. You see, while we are in the millinery business and the lingerie business and the coal and wood business, we could make ourselves quite absurd if we started shouting about our Company of Adventurers, etc. I am satisfied that our part is the role of under-statement and modesty in these matters. By that I mean that we should respect these traditions, use them judiciously, but not wave them around like little people who boast of their ancestry.

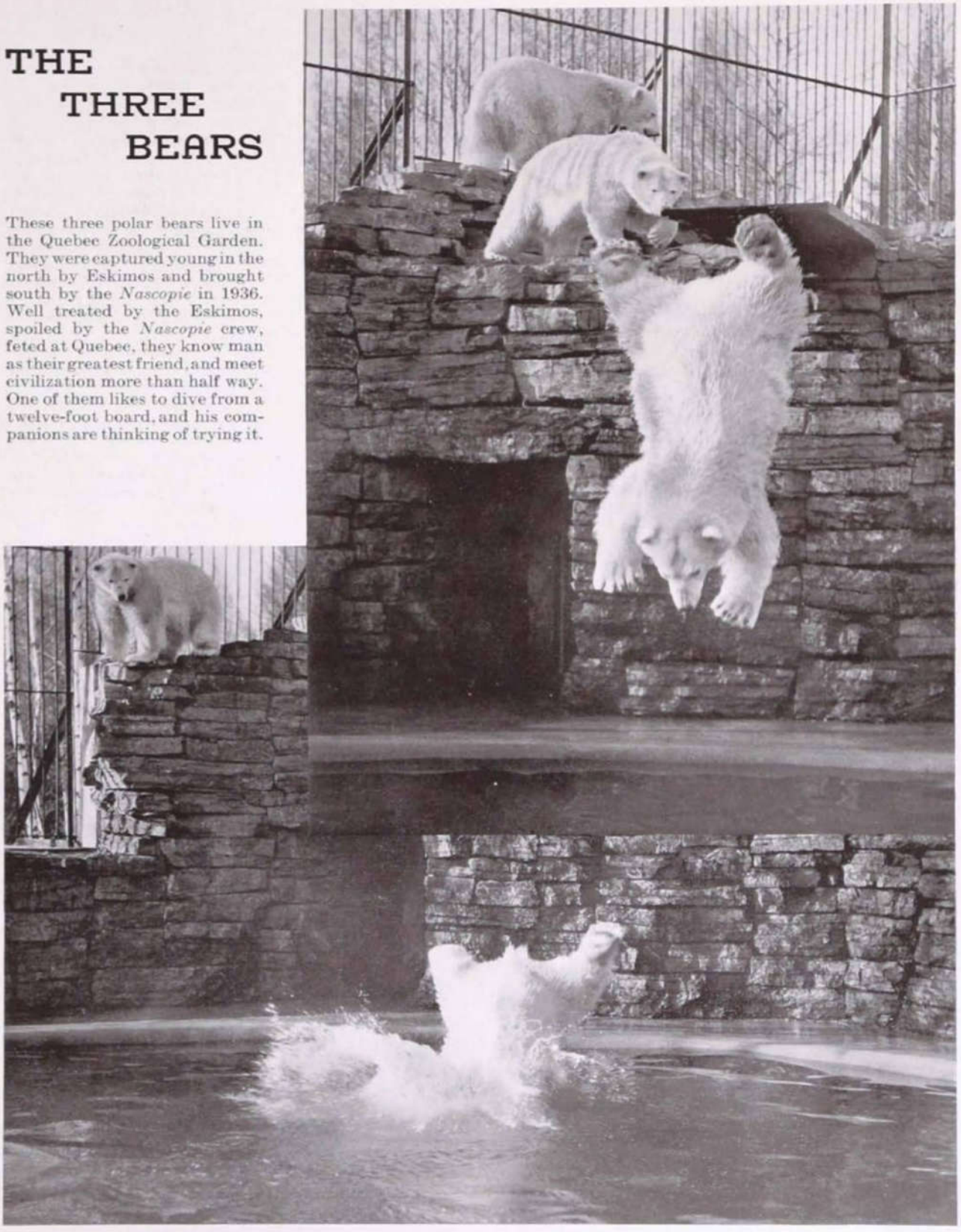
So let us foster our pride in the Company. All of us are conscious that it is more agreeable to work for the Hudson's Bay Company than for others. Why? Analyse your reasons, and in the answers you will find some of these elements known as prestige.

We have something here that is real and can be put to work. Men from the Hudson's Bay Company should carry something better than a nice manner and nice conduct and speech and appearance, because they are from the Hudson's Bay Company. Matthew Arnold said that conduct is three-fourths of life, and it is astonishing how true the statement becomes when we analyse our feelings for other people.

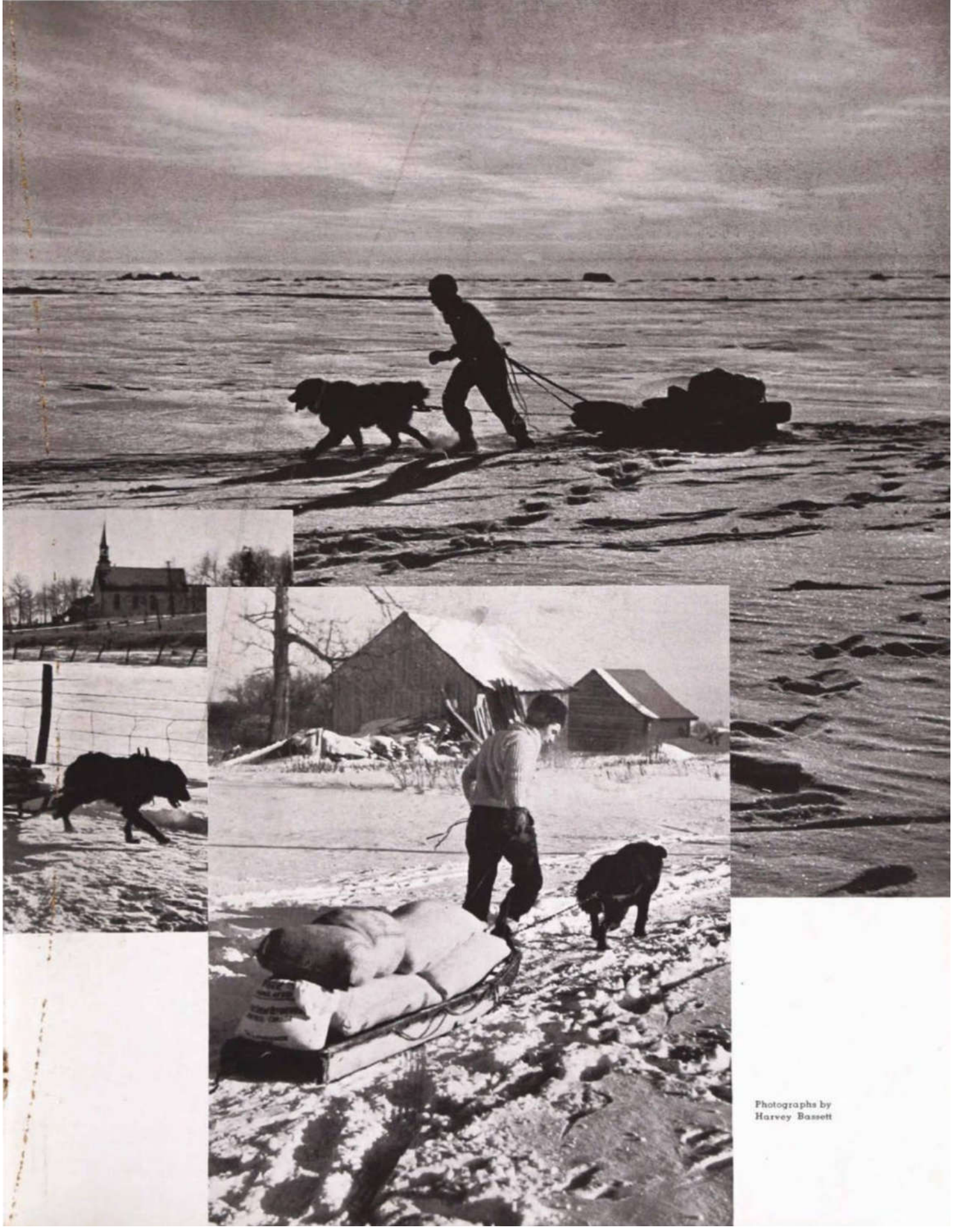
Never forget that to your customers you are the Hudson's Bay Company.

THE THREE BEARS

These three polar bears live in the Quebec Zoological Garden. They were captured young in the north by Eskimos and brought south by the *Nascopie* in 1936. Well treated by the Eskimos, spoiled by the *Nascopie* crew, feted at Quebec, they know man as their greatest friend, and meet civilization more than half way. One of them likes to dive from a twelve-foot board, and his companions are thinking of trying it.



A Dog's Life at Pointe Bleue

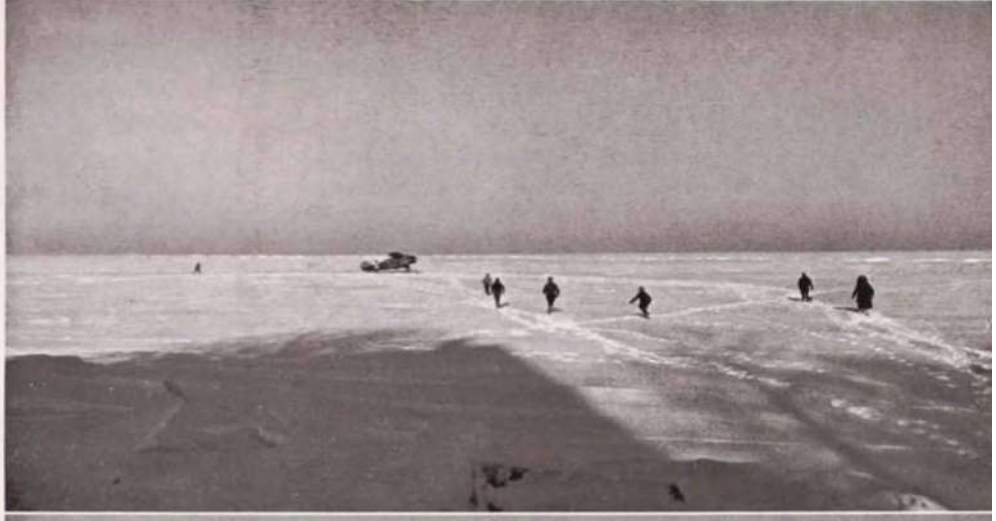


Photographs by
Harvey Bassett

Pointe Bleue Tra

nsportation

Pointe Bleue on Lake St. John is about 350 miles north of Quebec city. Supplies reach this modernized post by train and are flown north to the more remote posts of Chibougamau and Mistassini.



Play and Work at Pointe Bleue

Play at a line post runs the gamut from Charlie McCarthy to home-made swing, with ping-pong, Fortune and the pipe pleasure of Imperial Mixture.

Work includes everything from fur trading and accounting, to selling pork and beans and helping the cook to fry eggs.

Floral Symphony on Hudson Bay

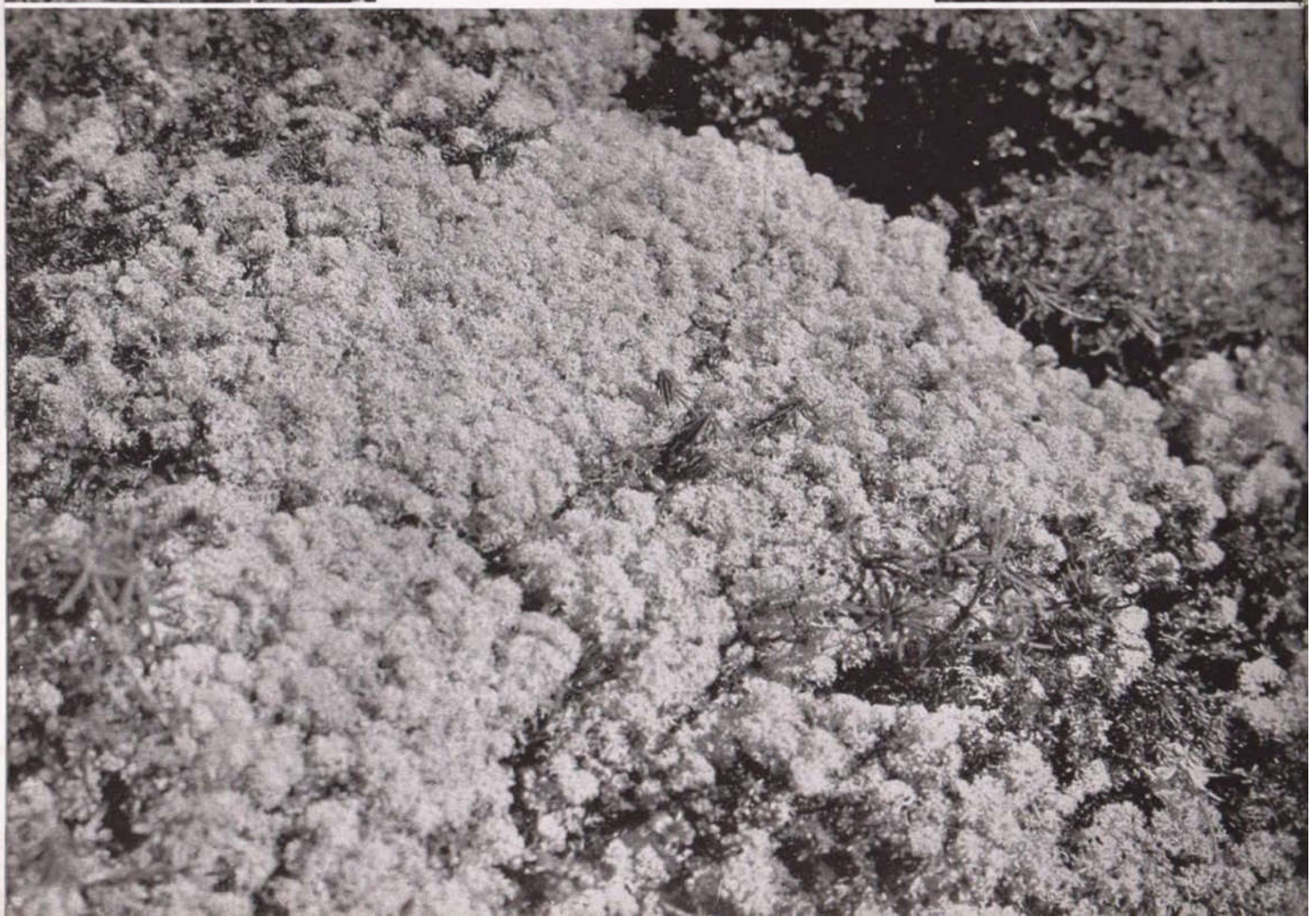
By
H. ELLIOTT McCLURE

"When Spring trips north again this year"

Left: The fireweed, a Fall flower and so numerous in the forest as to colour the whole countryside lavender or dark flame. These plants stood two feet or more tall.

Right: The Arctic heather, white with orange centre, with the dainty orange and brown Lapland Pedicularis growing beside it.

Below: The tundra is covered with many kinds of reindeer moss. This one is gray and looks like sponges.



WILD flowers have a lure and a charm all their own. Possibly it is because we work so hard to get a few flowers to grow in our gardens, while the wild ones seem to come up and bloom so easily and perpetually. It is expected that there should be numerous and gaudy blossoms in the south, but to the layman, the fact that the tundra is literally alive with flowers is something of a surprise. A garden grows where there is ice and snow nine months in the year.

At Churchill, Manitoba, the appearance of flowers during the few warm weeks can be likened to a swiftly moving symphony with numerous variations and played by hundreds of instruments. Because of the short growing season, spring is explosive, summer transient, and fall a mere shadow, so that the two hundred-odd flowering plants of the region must hurry to get their blossoms pollinated and fruit ripened.

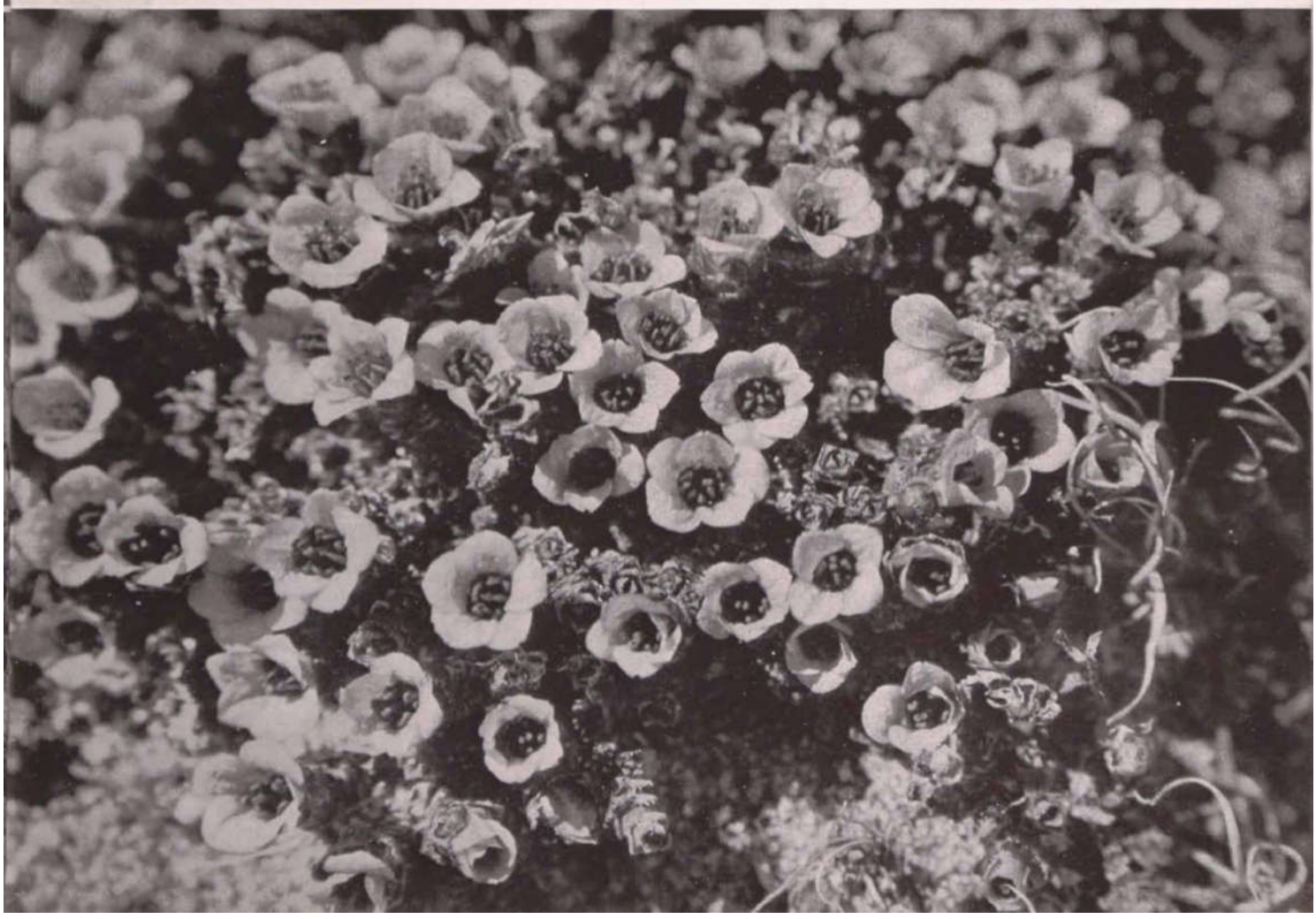
Churchill is on the edge of that vast arctic, subarctic, and pole-encircling type of country called tundra. Its nearest relatives are the grass patches on mountain tops, the alpine meadows. Siberia has it, Alaska has it, and Northern Europe has it, but nowhere is the tundra as easily accessible as it is in Canada. It is because of Hudson's Bay that the tundra extends so far south into Canada, for its waters are always cold and full of ice and the north wind, with a head start in Greenland and Baffinland, sweeps across the Bay and chills its shores.

The tundra, otherwise barren lands or muskeg, is something like a cross between a wet sponge and a rock garden. The last glaciers were very careless about where they dropped their rocks, and, except for the top few inches, the ground is eternally frozen. On this mixture of ice, gravel, and sphagnum grows a layer of lichens, mosses, and numerous flowering plants which in dying do not decay, but have piled up on the substrata to a depth of many feet. As the ice and snow thaws in the summer, this sphagnum, which is not unlike peat moss, becomes water-soaked and spongy, so that the only suitable footwear is waterproof or rubber hobnail boots.

The rocks are encrusted with lichens in black, green, gray, gold, and rust red which looks soft and velvety, though you would dull your knife trying to break off a piece. On the sphagnum the lichens or reindeer mosses are of two shades, a grayish to gray-green and a black or brown. No one plant seems to ever start or end, and the branches remind one of an oak tree seen in the wintertime through the small end of a field glass.

Because of the cold blasts of air, nothing grows tall. Willow and birch trees struggle up to waist height and spruce trees lie on the ground. They occasionally send up a leader which grows to six or seven feet in forty

This beautiful lavender flower was the first to bloom after the snow melted in June.

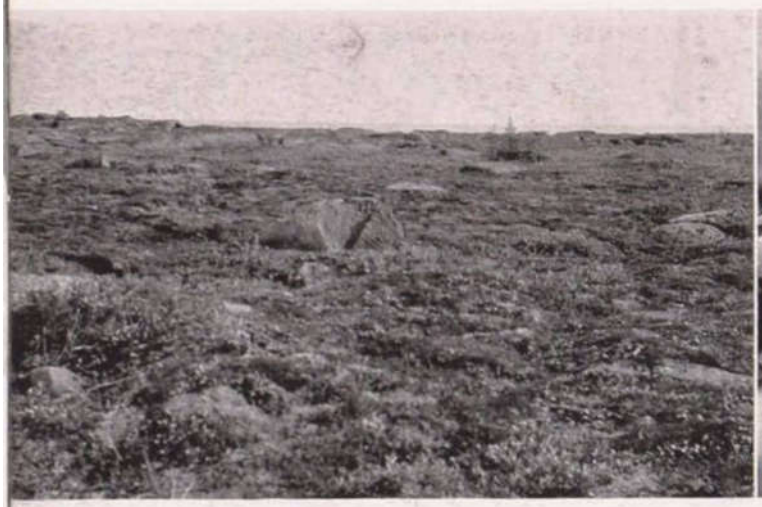


years and has no branches on the north, because of the north wind. Everything is dwarf, and after climbing over the tundra and looking at the plants, I began to believe that Lilliput was not such a fantasy after all.

We arrived in Churchill on June 9 and there were still large snow banks and much ice. The closest approach to a flower in sight was the large catkins or pussys of the willows. The catkins were all out of proportion to the trees and were even several times larger than those I had picked in March in Illinois.

The first of June was cool, but by June 15 with a blare of trumpets spring and summer arrived. It was initiated by the blooming of a tiny purple flower growing in dense mat-like bunches in sandy places. Then came a swift rush of blossoms. Everyday saw from one to a dozen new flowers appearing. The little lavender flower lasted only about a week. As it passed its peak haunted by thousands of the beautiful little black, orange and yellow bumble bees. After the pollination of the flowers, the petals fell away, and the pistils seemed to grow until they were two or three inches long, looked like corn silk, and were twisted like binding twine. By July 20 these twists were unraveling and the tiny seeds were blown by the wind and buoyed by the plumed silks.

Early in July, while the heather was lording-it over the muskeg, the vetches or wild sweet peas began a plaintive song which swelled until it overwhelmed all the others. There were white, lavender and white, and bright purple forms, but the purple was the most abundant, and on higher ground stood in solid carpets. These were in turn visited by Arctic bumble bees, and by the end of July many were in seed and most had faded.



The tundra or muskeg near Churchill, Manitoba. It resembles a rock-strewn New England meadow.

Wild Arctic Rosemary grew in carpets. The blooms were a deep pink and the spike-like leaves a dark green.

of bloom a large white composite, growing in standing water and in the wettest places, bloomed and by July 15 it had produced fruit and the plants had died. While it was covering the swamps and charging along streams and ditches, the purple blooms of Labrador Tea burst forth and quickly the tundra became a dark flame. The flowers were gone and tiny green berries adorned the bushes long before July was past. Hardly had the Labrador Tea got well started when Arctic heather or, as the trappers called them, Arctic snowdrops joined in and drowned out the others. These flowers stood three or four inches tall, were over two inches in diameter, white, and with a brilliant orange center. The tundra became covered again with snow, a snow that was

While all this has been going on there was a beautiful undertone of woodwinds: tiny orchids and orchid-like pedicularis. First, little orange ones with brown tips poked their heads up among the Arctic heather. These were the elephants' heads or Lapland Pedicularis, and they were accompanied by a larger bright yellow form and a deep purple one grew abundant in the willow thickets. By July 20 these were fruiting and the pods held dustlike seed. Hardly had they waned before at least three true orchids picked up the tune. These were a tiny lavender-flecked, cream flower and two light green to yellow species that grew in bunches on short stalks. These were still more abundant in the bush (the scraggly black spruce-tamarack forest that ends a few

miles south of Churchill) and by the time I left in August they were just disappearing.

Turning back to the first movement of the symphony on the sand beaches of Hudson Bay, a bunch weed or creeper precedes even the grasses, and bore a tiny star shaped green-yellow waxy flower, which grew in solid mats like rugs on the sand. Further back a little pepperweed-like plant, the alpine chickweed, produced heads of small white blooms and became exceedingly abundant, but by July 16 was gone. All these flowers were strangers to me, but suddenly a deep blue blossom peeped out in patches on the sand and I recognized forget-me-nots. Later I learned that this old friend extended north beyond the Arctic circle and to the islands in the Arctic ocean past the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Back on the tundra another friend appeared too—violets. They were a little different in shade and hue, but they were still violets.

By the middle of July the willows were throwing cotton and in the wettest places cotton grass spread its white blanket until the tundra looked like a cotton plantation. In the latter part of June I was wondering what a tiny dark green spike of a plant was going to produce. Finally it developed a pretty pink bud, but instead of opening, it simply swelled until it opened at the tip and there was a pink bell or vase-like flower with its orange pistil peeping from the pursed mouth. This was the wild Arctic rosemary. Then up on the hills among the rocks of the coast of Hudson Bay, the cranberries were in full bloom of delicate pink and white corollas. The birds, numerous as they were, still had been unable to eat all the berries, and berry and bloom were side by side on the same plant. Also dense evergreen-like shrubs produced beautiful sprays of white blooms, the white rhododendron.

Everything is in such a hurry. The symphony moves faster and faster. All during July new flowers pop up in the most unexpected places, until one becomes bewildered and exhausted trying to keep up with them. Daisies, black-eyed susans, composites, things that look like orchid-colored lilies-of-the-valley, fern-like plants, moth mullens, solomon seals and then during the last week of July there is a pause. The music ebbs and dies as blooms fade and obscure seeds and berries take their places, but the conductor's baton is still raised, and with a swift stroke the cymbals crash again. Indian paint brush, goldenrods, and fireweed burst forth, with the fireweed swelling into a crescendo that fills the black spruce forest with lavender flames and covers the tundra with a glow. It is fall.

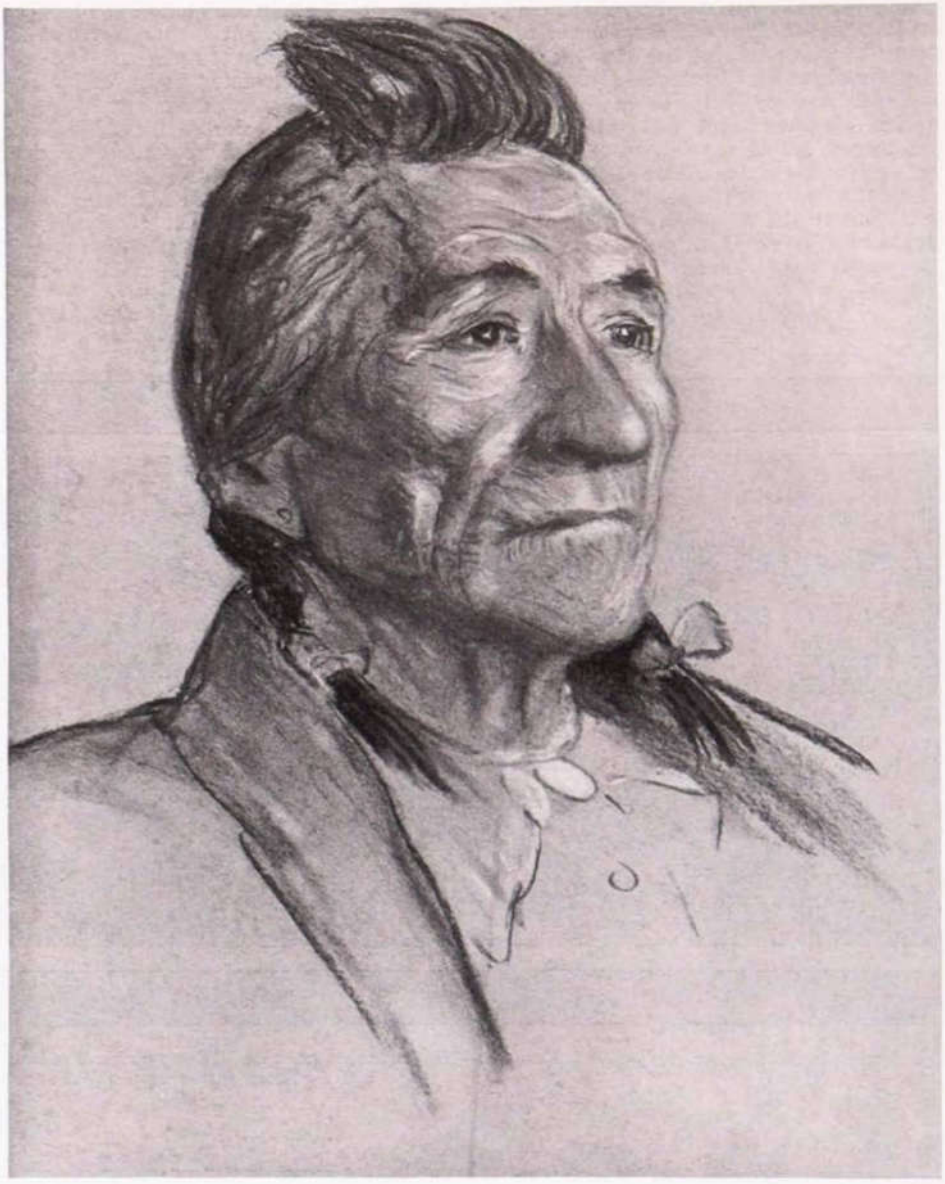
The last movement was not quite complete, but I had been in Churchill eight weeks and must leave. By the end of August there would be frost again and the numerous berries would ripen to feed the vast flocks of birds coming out of the far north and later delight the palate of the caribou as they paw away the ice and snow. In what seemed a fitting farewell a dainty white flower, a Parnassia, bloomed in the water of the pools near our cabin, many of them in such a hurry that they could not wait to reach the air, but opened under the surface of the water and swayed in the currents.

Cranberry plants in bloom.

The Indian paint brush. A deep purplish red and a harbinger of Fall. These plants were a foot or so high.

Portraits

By KATHLEEN SHACKLETON



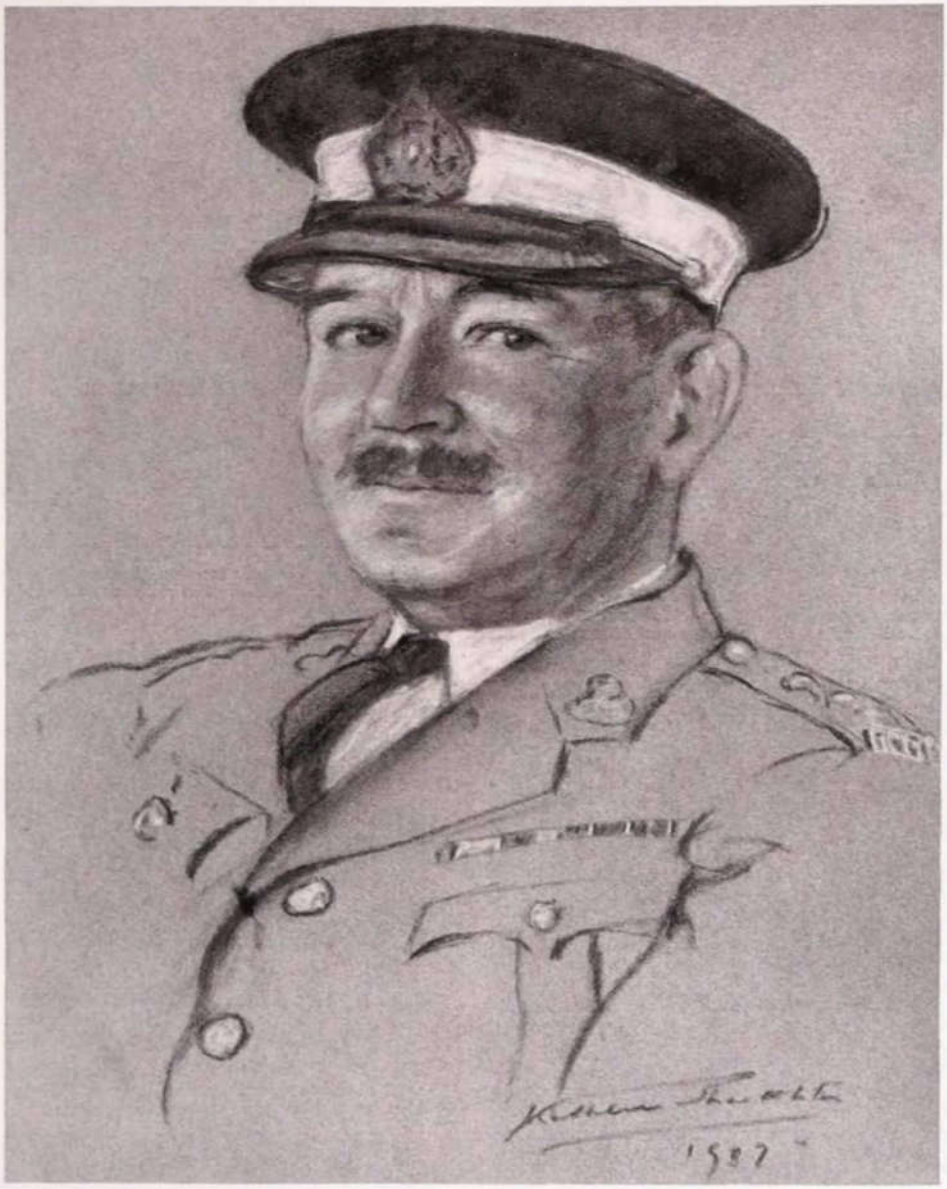
JOE CALFCHILD

A Blackfoot Indian who is now a farmer at Gleichen, Alberta. Joe is considered a very fine type of Indian.

MISTA JIM

Reputed to be 106 years old. Sketched in his home on the Indian Reserve, Winterburn, near Edmonton. One of the few remaining Indians who worked for the old H B C post at Edmonton. He still remembers Richard Hardisty.

LANCE-CORPORAL FRANK LESLIE WILSON
Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Moose Factory.



INSPECTOR D. J. MARTIN

Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Fort Smith, N.W.T.

THE NEWS REEL

R. J. Gourley, of the Canadian Committee, A. J. Watson, Victoria store manager, and N. W. Douglas, Calgary store manager. A golf interlude during the January conference of store managers.

The Winnipeg store's farewell to David Robertson, now Fur Trade Controller. Manager G. F. Klein's look of pleasant anticipation is due to the belief that at last he is about to even the joke score on Mr. Robertson.

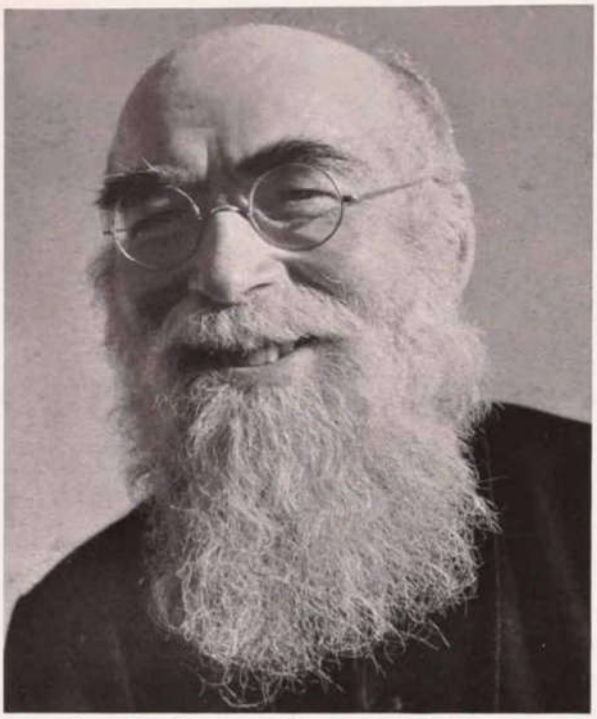
Canoes and dogs are both necessary during spring travel in the rat marshes at Cumberland House.

William Fleming, Edmonton store, who for twenty-three years has followed faithfully the proper usage of flags. His flag never flutters after sundown.

Here is "The Beaver" in Honolulu atop the F. F. Waldron & Company building. The weathervane marks the site of an H B C trading post from 1834 to 1859.

S.S. "Distributor" at Fort Norman. In the foreground a skin boat of the Mountain Slave Indians. Skin boats are temporary affairs used only to bring the family and furs down to the post.

Post Manager Cecil J. Lockhart-Smith, Montreal Lake.



Father Gouy, Fort Simpson. A Margaret Bourke-White picture.

Royal Research ship "Discovery," anchored in the Thames, and now a museum ship of the Boy Scouts Association.

Bronze tablet on the "Discovery," recording her history in Captain Scott's first Antarctic Expedition, in H B C voyages from London to the Bay from 1905 to 1911, etc.

Above, left: Arctic Bay calling. Station Cz-5H under construction by S. G. L. Horner, radio operator of the "Nascopie," and Clem "Chips" James, ship's carpenter. Daily weather bulletins go from Arctic Bay to Ottawa.

Above, right: Joyce Barton and Jean McGill, of the General Manager of Stores' department, who went to Victoria to record the store managers' conference.

Norway House Cairn erected 1937. The bronze plaque reads: "Norway House. Built on the Jack River in 1812-13 by the Hudson's Bay Company . . . . rebuilt on this site in 1825 . . . a frequent meeting place of the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land . . ."

Pilot Navolia, who has guided ships into Lake Harbour for more than seventeen years. He is with Captain Baxter of H.M.S. "Scarborough," first gunboat into Hudson Bay in many years.

The photographer photographed. E. W. Mills (see snow scene on "The Beaver" contents page) at Bernier's cairn on the summit of King George V. mountain on Arctic Bay.

Back in 1911 when they built boats at Moose Factory. From left to right: T. C. Moore, now post manager York Factory; William McLeod, pensioner at Moose; Harvey Smallboy, H B C trapper; G. T. Moore, who is now building a new H B C store at Fort George.

Hudson's Bay Company, Wholesale Department, Salesmen's Conferences—1937-38.

Above at Winnipeg—left to right

Back row: K. A. Laidlaw, C. Main, B. Halstead, R. D. Guthrie, R. M. Turner, M. W. MacFadyen, H. E. Waugh.
Centre row: J. B. Dangerfield, J. G. A. Raymond, F. G. Rose, P. H. Lavoie, H. B. Kirby, M. J. Tolton, W. V. MacLean, D. V. Hardyman.
Front row: F. W. Gasston, H. Goldin, W. G. Alexander, J. K. Reid, H. White, I. S. Smith, J. R. Watson, E. L. Mallough.

Below at Vancouver—left to right

Back row: J. Jackman, J. Lowes, S. Smith, D. Nash, G. Shipp, W. Free, A. Cleven, T. W. Stride, F. W. Gasston.
Front row: W. Dean, G. Buckridge, H. Fraser, D. M. McCurdy, H. Bennett, H. Baker, J. Burridge.

Hudson's Bay Company Started as a Syndicate

By FULMER MOOD
Research Associate in History, University of California

AN early phase of the Hudson's Bay Company's history is here recounted, the story of the investors and promoters between 1665 and 1670. After May 2, 1670, the Englishmen who financed the commercial voyager from London to Hudson Bay enjoyed a chartered monopoly. Their charter protected them, in theory at least, from the unwelcome competition of that menace to the peace of mind of seventeenth century trading capitalists, the interloper. During the five years prior to 1670, however, the expectant capitalists enjoyed no charter and bore no formal relation to one another or to the English community at large. They were merely a group of men associated together in informal fashion, and one is therefore justified in referring to this period of the Company's history as the period of the syndicate. The several investors combined to carry out the financing of a great commercial project.

One of the conclusions that emerges from the body of facts offered here is that the full complement of original investors grew in almost organic fashion from a rudimentary nucleus into a financial entity that was, in social, political and religious composition, and functions fairly complex. Radisson and Groseilliers, with their attractive story of far-away Canada, form the original nucleus about which there gather, in successive phases, fresh accretions of financial energy and managerial skill. The process is not unlike that which happens when a crystal, in suitably prepared mother liquid, grows from a small to a great size by progressive accretions. Or is the image of a snowball rolling down the mountain slope, gaining mass and speed in its descent, a more exact comparison?

It was the special geographical knowledge of Radisson and Groseilliers, gained as a consequence of their pioneering travels and explorations in the far interior of North America, that was to make possible the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company. The English members of the Company stood in a position to contribute supplies of capital, but it was the two French-Canadians who furnished the technical knowledge of how the future trade should be conducted, and offered the geographical information on which the commercial operations of the Company had of necessity to be based.

The two French-Canadians arrived in England and were introduced to Charles II in the autumn of 1665. Sir George Carteret made them known to the king, who smoothed their path by ordering that a royal pension be paid for their support for the time being. As long as they remained at Oxford, whither the king had retired to escape the plague-laden air of London, the two explorers were much in the company of Sir George, an important functionary of the court. After an interval, they were sent on to Windsor, where Prince Rupert, the king's uncle, had them in charge. Rupert and his secretary, James Hayes, improved the opportunity to cross-question them about their travels in the wilderness. Radisson informed Rupert of the copper mines located in the Lake Superior country, and the prince, an amateur metallurgist, was much interested in this news.

Interest in the story of the explorers grew, and the plan of engaging in a direct Canadian fur trade, a plan which the two voyageurs were promoting, grew likewise. When the spring of 1665-66 came round, the explorers were taken to London, where they probably consulted with interested parties who proposed to send out an expedition. While in London young Peter Colleton, who was shortly to inherit his father's baronetcy, entertained them. The plan for a voyage came to nothing, for, England and Holland being then at war, the Dutch fleet hampered the movement of English shipping. Money had been expended in preparations, but it was money wasted. We know nothing as to the names of the investors who contributed to finance this first attempt. Yet it is not unlikely that they included Prince Rupert, Hayes, Carteret, Colleton and the Duke of Albemarle. If the original ledger book of the Company were extant, the question of the subscribers to this first venture could be settled in positive fashion.

The second projected voyage was set for the summer of 1667. But once more preparations failed of success. The order for fitting out the voyage was given too late to permit of satisfactory results, and again the French-Canadians were condemned to amuse themselves in London, while their hopes were focussed on the far-off Canadian wilderness. For part of this time, Sir Peter Colleton paid for their support; toward the end of the year, according to the ledger book extant, John Portman supplied their need. The same ledger book which, so far as can be ascertained, was compiled in 1671, indicates that among those who contributed to finance the abortive voyage of the summer of 1667 were George

Duke of Albemarle, William Lord Craven, Sir John Robinson and Sir Peter Colleton.

The autumn of 1667 at length came round. Radisson and Groseilliers had now been two years in England. They had come with glowing tales of fabulous wealth to be gained by the exploitation of a virgin fur-bearing wilderness; but so far their stories remained only stories. Twice the enterprise had been undertaken, twice it had failed. What to do? Should the financial backers and promoters give up the dazzling scheme, or should they continue in their support of the explorers? This was the question that the interested parties had to decide for themselves. Despite past experiences, and we may be sure after consultation, an optimistic view of matters was taken. The men of the Restoration era were devoted to games of chance, and this project was indeed a gamble. In the autumn of 1667 it was resolved that in the following spring still another attempt would be made to reach Hudson Bay and open up its alleged riches.

The little knot of investors who had already sunk money in the scheme seems to have consisted of Rupert, Carteret, Hayes, Albemarle, Colleton, Craven and Sir John Robinson. Since the venture smacked of the speculative, and since they had already lost their previous investment, they displayed a not unnatural willingness to share present liabilities and future assets with certain persons hitherto excluded from their number.

Now invited to join the group of the original investors, were Sir Robert Vyner and Francis Millington; on the last day of October, 1667, these Londoners, City men, both, subscribed some capital. John Portman acted as treasurer. Vyner was an extremely rich banker, a goldsmith; Millington, a draper. In the background, one infers, a financial promoter, identity unknown, was working to bring in still other moneyed men. Be that as it may however, early in December Sir Philip Carteret joined the syndicate, and on the same day so too did John Fenn. The reckless plunger and spendthrift Sir Edward Hungerford was next brought into the circle on December 24, 1667. The agency of his brother-in-law, James Hayes, is almost certainly evident in this accession, but the share which Christmas cheer had in persuading him to part with good money for a paper certificate in an uncertain project must forever remain unknown. The scout, whoever he was, continued his work, and rounded up new subscribers during the following months. On February 10, 1667-68, William Pretyman and John Kirke joined the syndicate. Early in April Sir John Griffith consented to make one of them.

The spring of 1668 wore away. The managers of the enterprise made their preparations, and got all in readiness to send out the third expedition. Two vessels were fitted out, and instructions drafted, which were signed by Rupert, Craven, Hayes, Albemarle, Sir George Carteret and Sir Peter Colleton. It is notable that on this "steering committee," if one may refer to it as such, there is to be found the name of not a single one of the newer members. By and large, it is a *Court* group, not a *City* group, and it represents the original members, not the later additions. One infers from this that the first investors were doing their best to keep control in their own hands.

Early in June, 1668, the two vessels sailed from the Thames, bound for the far North West, bearing on board Radisson and Groseilliers. After a vexing wait of three years, the long-projected expedition was at last under way. Perhaps a present feeling of enthusiasm now replaced an earlier spirit of dejection; at any rate, two additional members were admitted *after* the expedition had sailed: Lord Arlington joined on July 9, and Lord Ashley on August 22.

The vessel bearing Groseilliers succeeded in reaching Hudson Bay, and wintered there; that carrying Radisson was turned back by storms on the Atlantic, and was forced to make for England. In August, 1668, she was reported as having arrived at Plymouth and in need of repairs. In October, Hayes wrote to the Navy Board that he was ready to deliver the ship, lent the investors by the King, to the responsible authorities. Radisson, now back in England, spent the winter of 1668-69 in preparing the manuscript of his travels in the interior of North America.

Thus far the course of developments has been clear enough for the most part, but now there succeeds a period in the history of the syndicate that is rather obscure. It will be enough, for the present paper, to furnish the bare outline of events, and to raise some of the more pertinent questions that demand solution. Further research may, in the future, settle some of these points.

Although, as we have seen, Radisson's ship had failed of reaching Hudson Bay, this circumstance did not thoroughly discourage the investors. Indeed, on the contrary, for they gave signs of desiring to continue to prosecute the traffic further. On December 16, 1668, a group of them petitioned the King in Council to lend them a pink instead of the ketch that they had enjoyed earlier. The royal assent to this request was signified two days later. In this document the names mentioned were those of Vyner, Hungerford, Robinson and others. By royal order, in three weeks' time, another ketch was substituted for the pink. In this connection the interesting point is the identity of the persons listed in the royal assent. Why is Rupert's name, why Carteret's, and why are the names of other early investors, missing? And what, if any, is the significance of these notable omissions?

Months passed by without word from Groseilliers and Gillam. Still the directing heads of the syndicate did not lose heart, but continued their effort to draw into the circle other moneyed men. They met with a response, for on May 21, 1669, Mr. John Forth, Mr. Dannett Forth and Sir William Bucknall each bought stock to the amount of £300, thus bringing the grand total of the subscribed capital up to £5620.

There followed a new move, startling indeed: on June 23, 1669, the King commanded that a charter granting the Hudson Bay region be made out to Hungerford, Robinson, Vyner, Colleton, Hayes and Kirk. The obvious inference to be drawn is, that these persons had preferred a petition to the King, and that sufficient influence had been exerted in their behalf for him to see fit to grant it. The question bristles with interesting points: Have Rupert, Albemarle, Craven and Carteret lost interest in the enterprise, or have they been pushed aside? Are we to infer that the persons named in the order of June 23 represent the now dynamic element in the syndicate, the adventurers who were determined to see the thing through to the end, or are we to conclude that their move represents a tricky, perhaps rather underhanded, attempt to gain control of the enterprise, before the return of the expected *Nonsuch*, on the assumption that the vessel

would bring good news of the success of the venture? The question must for the present be left open.

The investors listed in the royal order of June 23 appear to have based their action on the premise that the *Nonsuch* with Groseilliers and Gillam had made a successful trip and would soon be back in English waters, after her absence of a full year. In this assumption they were proved correct, for not many weeks afterwards the *Nonsuch* came safely to port, with a valuable cargo of furs. This removed the enterprise from the realm of speculation; it was now known to be possible to arrive at the fur-bearing lands of Hudson Bay via Cape Chudleigh and Hudson Strait. A direct commerce could be opened up from England to the bay, and wealth was within the grasp of the fortunate few who could obtain a patent granting them exclusive control of the rich area.

The six men who had already had a royal order in their favour, that of June 23, again attempted to procure a charter. They prevailed upon Charles sufficiently so that on October 21, 1669, the King once more issued an order to proceed with the drafting of the patent. Again one inquires, where are Rupert, Craven, Carteret, and the other early investors? Surely they would not be losing faith in the venture, at just this moment, when in the arrival of the *Nonsuch* they had the strongest proof of the practicability of Radisson's idea! One may infer that behind the scenes a sly game was being played, but the story of the moves in that play remains undisclosed. For some months this supposed tussle between competing groups went on. The Hungerford-Colleton group made no substantial progress in the conflict, for they were asking for a charter, but a charter they did not receive. Somewhere in the background a powerful force—who or what could it have been?—was holding them up, was preventing the issuance of the patent they wanted.

Eventually a composition was made, and harmony prevailed. On April 18, 1670, the names of twelve more persons were added to the six who had applied for a grant earlier, and the eighteen persons listed thus comprised the earliest as well as the later friends of the new navigation. This list in the charter of April, 1670, is identical with that in the ultimate charter of May 2, 1670. Three very late comers however were omitted from the final charter: the two Forths and Sir William Bucknall.[1] With these exceptions, which may or may not be significant, the final membership includes all those persons who are known to have invested money in the syndicate's venture up to the date of issue. In the end, therefore, justice was done to almost all of the subscribers, as far as we can now tentatively determine. Thus, at last, the informal syndicate had become the legally incorporated Company, with a charter defining its rights and duties. As between one another, the investors knew what was expected of them; and in relation to competing merchants, outside of their fellowship, the Company knew what was due itself.

II

The Hudson's Bay Company was formally instituted in May, 1670, when the investors received a royal charter of incorporation. From the start, the Crown had viewed the syndicate's objects and ambitions with a benevolent eye, and it may well be that in the persons of Ashley and Arlington, particularly the latter, the Crown itself had an interest in the enterprise. These two peers were members of the Cabal Ministry, and Arlington, at this period, was indeed an intimate of the king's, for Charles II had honoured him by confiding to his keeping the fatal secret of the Treaty of Madame, otherwise known as the Treaty of Dover of June, 1670. The king was ever desirous of building up for himself a revenue beyond the control of Parliament. He had contrived to extract a four and one-half per cent. duty from the reluctant planters of certain West Indian islands not many years before, and now he may have calculated that, with good fortune in the trade, he could derive a profit from the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. Arlington was the logical man to serve Charles in this peculiarly personal relation.

Six of the investors of the syndicate were sworn of the Privy Council. These were Rupert, Ashley, Craven, Arlington, Albemarle and Carteret. Merchants were included, as has been pointed out, but courtiers nourished this project from the first, directed its early management, and sought to keep control of the affair in their own hands.

In what follows brief accounts of the original investors are given. These biographies are based upon facts compiled from a variety of approved sources. After the name of each investor is inserted the date at which he made his first cash contribution to the funds of the syndicate so far as extant records show, and also the total amount he paid out on or before May 2, 1670.*

The order in which the names are printed follows the order in which they occur in the charter of May 2, 1670.

RUPERT (1619-1682), prince of the blood-royal of the house of Stuart, by virtue of descent from his mother, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. His soldierly role in the Civil War, when he came to the aid of Charles I, needs no comment. After the Restoration he lived much in England, interested himself in science, and accepted membership in the Royal Society. He had a laboratory and a forge, experimenting with the boring of cannon and the formation of new alloys. Charles II granted him a pension of £4000 soon after he came back from his travels, but Rupert had reason to complain of the slowness with which this was paid over. Probably but little of it ever came into his hands. In 1662 Charles admitted him to the Privy Council, a sign of favour, but his uncle could not live on dignity alone, and about 1665, rather vexed and restless, was hoping to be appointed lord proprietor of the island of Jamaica, an office which he expected would yield him a pretty revenue. This appointment did not materialise, a royal governor being sent out instead, and Rupert had to be content with the post of constable of Windsor Castle, which fell to him in September, 1668, and the grant of another pension, this time of £2000. Still eager to increase his income, he interested himself in a scheme to coin farthings. When the new council for trade and plantations was set up in June, 1670, Rupert was nominated to membership. He was also a patentee of the Royal African Company (1663), and first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

*The writer acknowledges his debt to the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company who have generously assisted him in bringing together this collection of facts by permitting access to the archives and by answering queries, and to Grace Lee Nute for a final revision of the proofs. Much of the material in this paper was collected in London in 1933-35 during the writer's tenure there of a Guggenheim Fellowship.

[1] The names of these three subscribers do not appear in the charter of May 2, 1670. The reason for these omissions is not apparent. However, in 1673 we find "Alderman Iohn Foorth" with £450 of stock in the Company, and "Alderman Dannet Foorth" with £300, on the rolls of membership. Fulmer Mood, "Shareholders in the Hudson's Bay Company in 1673 and 1675," *The Beaver*, March, 1936, pp. 16-18.

The earliest record extant of Rupert's initial cash payment shows that on June 29, 1668, he contributed a sum. Prior to May 2, 1670, his investment amounted in all to £270.

GEORGE MONK (1608, Jan. 1669/70), FIRST DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, a native of Potheridge, Devon. The "great Restorer," who with Clarendon, contrived to put Charles II back on the throne of his ancestors. His role as a Cromwellian general, as supporter of the young king at the opening of his reign, and as commander of the English naval forces in the second war against the Dutch is well known. He was Master of the Horse, and a Commissioner of the Treasury, 1660-1669. Dying not long before the Company was incorporated, his equity in it was inherited by his son Christopher, the second duke (fl. 1653-1688), who was M.P. for Devon, 1667-70, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, 1670, and K.G. the same year. He served as governor of Jamaica from November, 1686, till October, 1688, dying on the island the besotted son of a worthy father. The first duke was a member of the Royal Society (1664), a patentee of the Royal Fisheries Company (1661), and one of the eight Lords Proprietors of Carolina.

Christopher Monk made his first cash payment to the syndicate in March 30, 1670, and at incorporation held £300 of stock.[2]

WILLIAM, LORD CRAVEN (1608-1697), a Londoner born, was immensely rich, and generous to a degree. To the house of Stuart he was pre-eminently loyal, being a firm friend to Rupert's mother, Elizabeth, the widowed ex-Queen of Bohemia. Craven, who was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, sprang from a stock of undistinguished origin but Charles II, adding to his title of baron (1627), created him Viscount Craven of Uffington in 1664-65 and Earl of Craven in 1666. It was thought that he desired at one time to marry the Princess Elizabeth, Rupert's sister. He was Master of Trinity House, 1670-71; a Tangier Commissioner, 1673; one of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, and a patentee of the Royal Fisheries Company.

Lord Craven's name is found on the ledger book under date of May 15, 1669; at incorporation he had £150 of stock.[3]

HENRY BENNET, LORD ARLINGTON (ca. 1620-1685). A leading politician of the day, one of the Cabal ministry, and till almost the close of his career a firm and faithful liege of the house of Stuart. Secretary to the Duke of York, 1649-58; M.P., 1661-65; Keeper of the Privy Purse, 1661; Secretary of State, 1662/74. His adherence to Roman Catholicism has not been established, but he has been regarded severally as a crypto-Catholic, and as an Anglican with strong sympathies for the old faith. He was created Baron Arlington in March, 1664/65, and was Postmaster General from 1665 till his death. In 1670, at the time when Charles II was negotiating the Secret Treaty of Dover, he informed Arlington of what was in the wind—a signal indication of his trust and intimacy with that peer; four others, including the future Lord Clifford, a Roman Catholic, were similarly favoured. In 1672 Bennet was promoted in the peerage to the degree of Earl of Arlington, and created K.G. Two years later he became Lord Chamberlain of the Household. Lord Arlington's first cash payment is recorded as of July 9, 1668; at incorporation he held £200 of stock.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Lord Ashley and afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury (1621-1683), was the most notable English expansionist of the second half of the seventeenth century. He was to the age of Charles II what the Earl of Warwick was in the reigns of James I and Charles I. A native of Dorset, he inherited great wealth, owning extensive estates in Hampshire, Dorset, Wiltshire and Somerset. As a young man he held plantations in Barbados and had an interest in the Guinea trade. He also invested in mining properties. His political career showed how shrewd calculation can inspire flexibility in political allegiance; in spite of much research, the man's character still eludes confident pronouncement. Cromwell had caressed him, but Cooper, sensing the coming of other winds of doctrine, early made his peace with the new king, very probably through the mediation of George Monk, his sponsor to Charles II. Cooper's talents of administration were extraordinary, and his acute intelligence attracted to him men of the quality of John Locke. He held many subordinate offices and some posts of prime importance under Charles; it would be tedious to list them all. Let it suffice that he served as Lord President of the Council from 1660 till 1679, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as a Commissioner of the Treasury from 1663; of chief importance are his membership in the Cabal Ministry, and his tenure of the Lord Chancellorship, from November, 1672 to November, 1673. In April, 1661, he was elevated to the rank of Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles. He was of the Council of the Royal Society (1667), a Lord Proprietor of Carolina of the Bahamas, and a member of the Royal Fisheries Company. Throughout a busy political life he always found time to spare for overseas interests. The importance of the English frontier in America during the Restoration era is indicated in the career of this enthusiastic expansionist and promoter of expansion, whose investments extended from the tropic heats of the West Indies, through Carolina, with its promise of mines and Indian traffic, northward to the frigid wastes of "Rupert's Land," in which he was an early believer.

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[1]Of this amount of £300 only £217.14.9 was actually paid in cash. The remaining sum is accounted for in the following manner:

"By severall Goods & Merchandizes delivered for the Company's use being his proportion in the remaines of a former cargo, £82.5.3."

It is possible that the former cargo here referred to may be that acquired for the projected voyage to Hudson Bay of 1667 which, however, did not take place (Fulmer Mood, "The London Background of the Radisson Problem"). (Minnesota History, volume 16, No. 4 [Dec. 1935] p. 392.)

It is to be presumed that George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle, was interested in the original venture to Hudson Bay. Christopher, second Duke of Albemarle, was born only in 1652—so that he was not more than sixteen years of age in 1668—and was consequently too young at that time to have been financially interested in the voyage of the *Eaglet* and *Nonsuch*.

George Monk died in January, 1670, and was succeeded as Duke of Albemarle by his son, Christopher, who is consequently named in the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is dated May 2nd, 1670, as an "Adventurer." The account in the Company's first ledger is in the name of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, but it must be borne in mind that although this ledger records transactions as far back as 1667, it does not appear that it was written up until a few years later than this. The Hudson's Bay Company in their reply to Radisson's Bill of Complaint in 1694 state that "all their books and papers which they kept . . . . . for about the four first yeares of their Trade" had been "lost and carryed away by one of their Servants soe that these Defendants cannott give any account of any transaction or Trade for the four first yeares of their said trade and dealings." (Grace Lee Nute, "Two Documents from Radisson's Suit Against the Company." (*Beaver* magazine, Outfit 266, No. 3 (December 1935), pp. 45-46).

The earliest Minute Book in the Company's archives commences on the 24th October, 1671, nearly eighteen months after the charter was granted, and in view of the statement just quoted, and of certain allusions in the Company's early records, that the ledger was actually compiled in 1675.

[2]Craven contributed a sum of £217.14.9 in cash up to the 19th March, 1670 (N.S.). [£50 on May 15, 1669; £67.14.9 on Jan. 27, 1670 (N.S.); £100 on Mar. 19, 1670 (N.S.)] He was credited in addition as follows:

"By his proportion in ye remaines of a former Cargoe, £82.5.3."

So that he now held £300 Hudson's Bay stock. On April 4th, 1670, four weeks prior to the granting of the charter, Craven assigned half his stock (i.e., £150) to Sir Paul Neile, Knight, who thus became an "Adventurer" (vide Note 8 below). It is possible that the sum of £82.5.3 referred to above is in connection with the cargo acquired for the projected voyage to Hudson Bay of 1667, which did not take place.

Lord Ashley's name is listed under date of August 22, 1668, when he made his first recorded cash payment; at incorporation he possessed £250 of stock.[4]

Sir John Robinson. Closely related to Archbishop Laud; in religious sympathies an Anglican, and a stern opponent of the Quakers of his day. Pepys, who met him often, had little respect for him. The diarist himself had a sharp eye for a pretty woman, but when he took note that Lady Robinson looked too intently at a handsome man servant, he recorded the distressing fact for posterity's thoughtful contemplation. Alderman in 1655; knighted on May 26, 1660; created baronet June, 1660; M.P. for London, 1660; M.P. for Rye, 1661-1679, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, a highly responsible post at that season, 1660-1680. He was free of the Company of Clothworkers, was one of the Court of Assistants of the Levant Company, 1651-53, 1655-56; master, 1656. Member of the East India Company's Committee for 1666-67, 1668-74, and 1675-77. He died in 1680.

Robinson's first cash payment was made, according to the ledger, on April 8, 1668; he possessed stock worth £400 at incorporation.[5]

Sir Robert Vyner, Goldsmith. Sheriff of London, 1666-67; mayor, 1674-75; alderman, 1669-86. Knighted in 1665, created baronet in 1666; Goldsmith to the King, 1661, in which capacity he acted as the King's banker on more than one occasion. He was one of the two leading goldsmiths of the reign and lost more than £400,000 by the closing of the Exchequer in January, 1672. Samuel Pepys often mentions him in his "Diary." Sir Richard Steele is authority for a delightful and characteristic anecdote concerning the convivial Vyner and his tactful sovereign. At Vyner's mayoral feast the king found his host's attentions becoming somewhat too pressing. At a suitably late hour the king quietly stole out of the banquet hall, avoiding ceremony lest the atmosphere of sociability be disturbed. Vyner looked up to see that Charles had gone, and quickly followed after, crying out with an oath, "Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle." The king, looking kindly on him, quoted a line of an old song, "He that's drunk is as great as a king," and the two of them went back to the company. Perhaps Charles recalled that the royal order for the "Stop of the Exchequer" a few years before had cost Vyner much gold. That financial loss may have grieved Sir Robert as banker, but as Sir Robert, Lord Mayor and boon companion of the king, it is apparent he cared not a bit for it. Vyner's name was down for an initial cash payment on October 31, 1667; at incorporation he was credited with £300 of stock.

Sir Peter Colleton (1635-1694), of Exmouth, Devon, London and Barbados. He was the son of Sir John Colleton (ca.1608-1666), first baronet, created in 1661. He succeeded to the title and to many of his father's interests in 1666. A friend of Locke, and a proprietary of Carolina, of the Bahamas, and governor of Barbados, 1673-74. He is said to have introduced the magnolia tree into England. M.P. for Boissney, 1681 and in 1689. For many years he was a Commissioner for Accounts. In or before 1669 he married Elizabeth [Leslie], widow of William Johnston, sister of Col. John Leslie of Barbados. The Colletons owned extensive sugar plantations in the West Indies, and had immense wealth. Sir Peter was eventually elected a member of the Royal Society. He was a high-minded man, and very intelligent.

Colleton made an initial payment in November, 1667; at incorporation he held £230 of stock.[6]

Sir Edward Hungerford (1632-1717). His father was Anthony Hungerford of Farleigh Castle, Somerset. Famous in the annals of the ancient family of that name for his unbridled extravagance. Created a Knight of the Bath, 23 April, 1661 at the Coronation of Charles II. M.P., 1660, 1661, 1678, 1679, 1681. This dashing rakehell was not without political influence. When his financial affairs grew involved, he contrived to summon Parliamentary assistance which, in the effective form of a private act of the National legislature, enabled him to sell certain of his landed property, perhaps entailed, which was situated in Devonshire. What the Parliamentary session of 1664-1665 began that of 1677 completed, for in the latter year, and once more by private act, the legislature enabled this Knight of the Bath "to make Leases for yeares of Hungerford House in the Strand in the Parish of Saint Martins in the Fields in the County of Midlesex and of certaine Houses and Tenements thereunto adjoyning." Approximately where in our day the impressive Victorian Gothic of the Charing Cross railway station gives the pedestrian pause, there stood, in Sir Edward's day, the great bulk of Hungerford House. This the spendthrift converted into stalls and so, by virtue of the private act, Hungerford Market came into being. The Market has been razed but the pedestrian with time on his hands may still cross over the Thames on Hungerford Bridge, a narrow footway paralleling the railway viaduct, and bringing Charing Cross close to Lambeth.

The eighteenth century was out of its cradle before Sir Edward died, an extremely "ancient knight" and one deplorably poor. His was a tale of magnificence at last sinking into the mire. At first a courtier, he later changed sides, and voted with the Whigs in the great political controversies which rocked all England toward the end of Charles' reign. In 1681 he settled at Spring Gardens.

Hungerford's first cash payment was credited in the ledger on December 24, 1667; at incorporation he held £270 of stock.[7]

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[4]Anthony, Lord Ashley contributed £250 prior to May 2nd, 1670. [£200 on Aug. 22, 1668; £50 on May 17, 1669.] On May 18th, 1670, only a fortnight after the charter was granted, he paid in another £50 and thus became possessor of £300 stock.

[5]Of the total amount of £400 credited to Sir John Robinson only £229.1.8 was contributed in cash. [£100 on April 8, 1668; £129.1.8 on Aug. 26, 1669.] He was credited, in addition, with the sum of £170.18.4 being "his proportion of Goods in the remaines of a former Cargo." It is probable that "the remaines of a former Cargo" is in connection with the cargo acquired for the projected voyage to Hudson Bay of 1667, which did not actually take place.

[6]Sir Peter Colleton paid £156.9.0 in cash to John Portman, Treasurer of the Company, prior to May 2nd, 1670. [£40 on Nov. 27, 1667; £55 on Apl. 8, 1668; £61.9.0 on May 7, 1669.] In addition he was credited with the following sums of money:

"By his proportion of Goods in the Remaines of a former Cargoe"	£181.11.10
Cash paid to Radisson and Groseilliers	96. 9. 2
By incident charges as per account of particulars	10. 3. 1
	£288. 4. 1

These three sums, in addition to the £156.9.0 paid in cash, amounted in all to £444.13.1

On May 26th, 1670, a few weeks after the charter was granted, Colleton contributed an additional £70 to the funds of the Company.

He was, therefore, credited in the Company's books with the sum of £514.13.1, but of this amount £214.13.1 was assigned in part payment of Sir John Griffith's share (vide note 9 below). Colleton therefore remained in possession of £300 Hudson's Bay stock. It is probable that "his proportion of Goods in the Remaines of a former Cargoe" is in connection with the cargo acquired in 1667 for the projected voyage to Hudson Bay.

[7]Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B., contributed the sum of £270 prior to May 2nd, 1670. [£20 on Dec. 24, 1667; £55 on Apl. 8, 1668; £125 on June 15, 1668; £50 on Feb. 25, 1669 (N.S.); £20 on May 13, 1669.]

On May 28th, 1670, only a few weeks after the charter was granted, he paid in an additional sum of £30 and thus became possessor of £300 stock.

Sir Paul Neile assigned his share of stock to William Wootton in 1674. He again acquired stock in 1676, but disposed of it about one month later.

According to Richard Surtees' "History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham," Vol I, p. lxxxix, (London: 1816), Paul Neile was the only child of Richard Neile, who was created Archbishop of York in 1631 and who died in 1640. On 27th May, 1633, Paul Neile was created a Knight Bachelor at Bishopsthorpe and he is said to have dissipated a large fortune. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Gabriel Clarke, D.D., Prebendary of Durham, and in 1640 he was styled as of Hutton Bonvile, Yorkshire. After the Restoration Sir Paul Neile was made one of the Ushers of the Privy Chamber, and he was also one of the original members of the Royal Society. He was afterwards resident at Codnover Castle, Derbyshire. By a codicil dated 24th March, 1683/4, to his will (dated 18th December, 1682) he directed that if he should die in London he wished to be buried near the tomb of his mother Dorothy, in the church in Threadneedle Street. His will was proved in London in 1685.

Neile's first cash payment was made on April 4, 1670; at incorporation he held £150 of stock.[8]

Sir John Griffith retained his stock in the Hudson's Bay Company until his death. His executors described him as late of Erith, Kent, and assigned his total of £300 to Sir James Hayes on 28th March, 1678. The only information we have been able to collect concerning this man is to the effect that he was created a Knight Bachelor by Charles II at Whitehall on 2nd January, 1664/5. He was then described as Captain of the Fort at Gravesend, Kent. ("The Knights of England . . ." by William A. Shaw. 2 vols. London: 1906.) He died shortly after 13th September, 1677, and his will was proved on 9th October following.

His first cash payment was listed on April 8, 1668; at incorporation he possessed £270 of stock.[9]

Sir Philip Carteret (died 1672), was the son of Sir George Carteret (ca. 1617-1680), who had introduced Radisson and Groseilliers to the king when they came to Oxford. He held many offices of profit and of honour after the Restoration, being a privy councillor, treasurer of the navy, vice-chamberlain of the royal household, vice-treasurer, and commissioner of the board of trade. He had an interest in the Royal African Company, was a Lord Proprietor of Carolina, and a co-proprietor, along with Lord Berkeley, of the province of New Jersey. Sir George Carteret put up some of the money that financed the syndicate, but, oddly enough it is his son's name that appears in the instrument of incorporation. A little before this time Sir George had been under fire in Parliament over a matter of accounts. An investigation cleared his name, leaving no doubt of his immense wealth, nor of his favoured position. To some of his contemporaries he may have seemed uncomfortably like a greedy monopolist, and thus for Sir George to transfer his equity in the new corporation to his son may have appealed to him as a prudent action; this mild subterfuge, if subterfuge it was, did not last long.

Sir Philip Carteret, who is cited in the Company's Charter as one of the eighteen original "Adventurers," lost his life in a sea fight off Solebay on May 28th, 1672, when his stock passed into the possession of his father, Sir George Carteret, Bart. In fact it is probable that Sir Philip made over his stock to his father before his death, for we have proof in the First Minute Book of Sir George Carteret's attendance at a General Court of the Company as early as October 24th, 1671, and, in addition, the stock account in the First Ledger—which was apparently written up at about the end of 1671 (vide Note 2 above)—is in the name of Sir George Carteret.

Sir George Carteret's initial cash payment was made on December 10, 1667; at incorporation his son Philip was credited with £270 of stock.[10]

Sir James Hayes seems to have been a native of Beckington in Somersetshire. Hayes married Sir Edward Hungerford's sister Rachel, the relict of Henry Carey (1634-1663), fourth Viscount Falkland. After the peer's death Hayes sought Rachel's hand. It was about 1665 that Henry Oldenburg of the Royal Society, writing from London to Robert Boyle in Oxford, conveyed the not uninteresting news that their fellow member in that Society, Hayes, had married a rich widow. The news was all too true—he had. Then the guiding spirits of the Royal Society put their heads together. There was nothing for it but that James Hayes must consent to be elected to the Council of the Royal Society. Elected he was, in November, 1667. Did the Council cherish the hope that the rich widow's new husband would give substantial proof of his interest in "Natural Philosophy"? And did he realize or disappoint these hopes? Certain it is, however, that he enjoyed the companionship of learned and ingenious men. Robert Hooke, the great experimenter, a leading member of the Royal Society, and the familiar of Robert Boyle, more than once refers to him in his Diary, lately published.

Hayes was knighted by the King on June 28, 1670. He had served Rupert as secretary for many years. Hayes served for a period of years as Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, under his friend Rupert as Governor. His holdings of shares were large. Not till near the end of his life did he dispose of his interest. Where many of his associates soon sold out, Hayes bought more stock in the corporation. It is clear that he believed in the business soundness of the venture. Dying in 1692/93, he was buried in London. When this friend of Radisson retired from active business, he set up as a country gentleman, perhaps with the fortune accumulated in part from his profits in Hudson's Bay shares and dividends. He erected a stately mansion, Bedgebury House, at Bedgebury in Kent. Rachel, dowager Viscountess of Falkland (born 1637) died in March, 1717/18. Sir James's widow ended her days at Bedgebury. The mansion eventually came into the possession of a gentleman who in the last decade of the eighteenth century pulled it down to erect another in its place, whereupon an inscription was discovered on the foundation stone.

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[8]Sir Paul Neile, Knight, held £150 stock on May 2nd, 1670. This amount was credited to him in the Company's books in virtue of an assignment of £150 from William Craven, Earl of Craven, on April 4th, 1670 (vide Note 3 above).

[9]Sir John Griffith, Knight, contributed the sum of £55 in cash to the funds of the concern on April 8th, 1668.
A further sum of £214.13.1 was credited to him by virtue of "Cash assigned him from ye acct. of Sr Peter Colleton" (vide Note 6 above) in addition to 6/11d. "By profit & loss."
On June 1st, 1670, shortly after the charter was granted, Griffith contributed a further sum of £30 and thus became possessor of £300 Hudson's Bay stock.

[10]Sir Philip Carteret, Knight, contributed the sum of £270 prior to May 2nd, 1670. [£20 on Dec. 10, 1667; £30 on Mar. 17, 1668 (N.S.); £100 on June 11, 1668; £50 on July 9, 1668; £50 on Mar. 26, 1669; £20 on Jan. 27, 1670 (N.S.).] On May 26th, 1670, three weeks after the charter was granted, he paid in an additional £30 and thus became possessor of £300 stock.

Benignitate Dei,
cui parent omnia,
spoliis profundi et absconditis arenar. thesauris
quasi coelitus locupletes fact,
Jacobus Hayes, eq.; aurat.
Serenissimo Regi Carolo II.
a sanctioribus consiliis in Hibernia,
et Rachel Vicecomitissa Falklandiae, uxor ejus,
hanc domum foeliciter a fundamentis
struxerunt,
anno Dom. MDCLXXXVIII.

Da, Pater Omnipotens, bona qui mihi cuncta dedisti,
Hic pietas, hic prisca fides, concordia, virtus,
Regum amor et patriae, maneant per secula cuncta,
Et bene quaesitis veniat centesimus haeres.
Exemplar hujus tabulae in fundamentis ejus domus
Conditores Deum venerati posuerunt.

Hayes, according to the ledger, made his first cash payment on December 24, 1667; at incorporation he possessed £270 of stock. He afterward added largely to this. In 1673 he had £600, in 1675 £1800 of stock.[11]

Sir John Kirke, the son of Gervais Kirke, a Huguenot merchant of London, who had been responsible for the capture of Canada by the English in 1628, and who in 1633 had been one of four men to whom a charter for the fur trade of Canada had been granted, was knighted in June, 1674. His daughter was Radisson's first wife. He assigned £300 stock, the total of his holding, to William Walker on 18th February, 1677/8. His will, dated 12th June, 1685, was proved on 24th June following, and in this he described himself as of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, Middlesex, and referred to property he possessed in East Ham, Essex; "Leister fields," Middlesex; Midlam, Lincolnshire; and in the parish of Mary le Savoy, Middlesex.

On Feb. 10, 1668 Kirke made his first cash payment; at incorporation he held £270 of stock.

Francis Millington, Esq. Millington was one of the Company of Drapers. Politically he was associated with Dannet Forth, a brewer, nominating him in July, 1669, to be an alderman of the City of London. Forth was Puritan in religious sympathies; it is not unlikely that Millington, too, was a Dissenter. His name is found in a little book of 1677, "The List of the Merchants of London." Millington had his residence in the parish of St. Lawrency Pountney. His first payment, as the ledger shows, was made on October 31, 1667; at incorporation he had £300 of stock.

William Pretyman assigned the whole of his stock in the Hudson's Bay Company to Nicholas Hayward on 6th March, 1676/7. The history of his family is dealt with at great length in Joseph James Muskett's "Suffolk Manorial Families" Vol. II (Exeter: 1908), and from this we find that he was of Bloomfield Mansion, Deptford, Kent, and of Hatton Gardens, Holborn, London. He was the second son of Sir John Pretyman, who sold his estate at Bacton, Suffolk, and later purchased one at Driffield, Gloucestershire. When William Pretyman's elder brother Sir John died, somewhere between 1663 and 1669, the authorities of the Exchequer according to custom held an inquisition on the accounts of the deceased Receiver of the First Fruits. The findings disclosed that Sir John Pretyman was in the Crown's debt to the sum of more than sixteen thousand pounds. So tangled were his affairs that a public act of parliament was required to make disposition of the business: 22 Charles II, cap. 10. James Hayes, Esquire, was mentioned in the statute though he, at last, seems to have been farsighted enough not to have made loans to the dead man. The role of Hayes was limited to that of a friendly, prudential arbiter. In the present connection it is interesting to note that parliament was dealing with this matter during the spring of 1670, at the very time when the syndicate was being transformed into the Hudson's Bay Company. William Pretyman was strongly attached to the Royalist cause and carried letters between King Charles I and his Queen. He acted as Royalist agent in London during the Commonwealth and in 1655 was a merchant adventurer to India. He was married to Elizabeth King, daughter of the Bishop Elect of Ely, at Charlton, Kent, in October, 1652. After the Restoration he was made King's Remembrancer of the First Fruits by Charles II in September, 1669. He was buried in March 1687/8, at Greenwich, Kent. He is frequently mentioned in John Evelyn's "Diary" as "uncle," Evelyn's wife, Mary, being the daughter of William Pretyman's sister Elizabeth, the wife of Sir Richard Browne. Pretyman's sister, Susan, married Edward Hungerford of Cadenham and Calne, Wiltshire, who was a member of another branch of that family to which Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B., one of the original adventurers, belonged.

Pretyman made his initial cash payment on February 10, 1668, and at incorporation he had £300 of stock.

John Fenn assigned the whole of his stock in the Company to Sir James Hayes at a very early date. He first made a cash contribution on December 10, 1667, and at incorporation held £250 of stock.[12]

John Portman was acting as treasurer to the Company in October, 1667, but his own first payment into the venture was not made until 10th February, 1667/8. He was still acting as treasurer in November, 1671, but by 18th May, 1672, Sir John Robinson held that position. Portman assigned his total amount of £300 stock to Richard Kent on 19th February, 1674/5. In the Hudson's Bay Company's charter Portman is described as a citizen and goldsmith of London and from Sir Ambrose Heal's "The London Goldsmiths 1200-1800 . . ." (Cambridge: University Press, 1935) we find him listed as a goldsmith and banker of the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, in the year 1641. From 1644-1663 his address is given as the Unicorn, Lombard Street, and merely as London from 1670-1683. His burial is recorded in the register of St. Mary Woolnoth Church under date 2nd December, 1683, when he was described as from the parish of St. Bride, London. When the Bank Station on the underground was built in 1900, in and around the crypt of that church, the bodies interred there were removed to the cemetery at Ilford, Essex.

At incorporation Portman held stock to the amount of £270.[13]

[11]James Hayes, Prince Rupert's Secretary, contributed £270 in cash prior to May 2nd, 1670. [£20 on Dec. 24, 1667; £55 on Apl. 8, 1668; £125 on June 15, 1668; £50 on Feb. 25, 1669 (N.S.); £20 on May 13, 1669.] On May 28th, 1670, a few weeks after the Charter was granted, he paid in additional £30 and thus became the possessor of £300 Hudson's Bay stock.

[12]John Fenn contributed £250, in cash prior to 2nd May, 1670. £20 on Dec. 10, 1667; £55 on Apl. 8, 1668; £125 on Nov. 14, 1668; £50 on Mar. 15, 1668/9.] On May 25th, 1670, three weeks after the Charter was granted, he contributed an additional £50 and so became possessor of £300 Hudson's Bay stock.

[13]John Portman contributed £270 in cash prior to May 2nd, 1670 [£20 on Feb. 10, 1668 (N.S.); £30 on Apl. 8, 1668; £25 on Apl. 8, 1668; £125 on June 11, 1668; £50 on Mar. 26, 1669; £20 on May 16, 1669.], and shortly afterwards, on May 25th, 1670, he paid into the Company's funds an additional £30, so that he became possessor of £300 Hudson's Bay stock.

Their Majesties the King and Queen were presented with these furs by the Hudson's Bay Company to commemorate their Coronation.

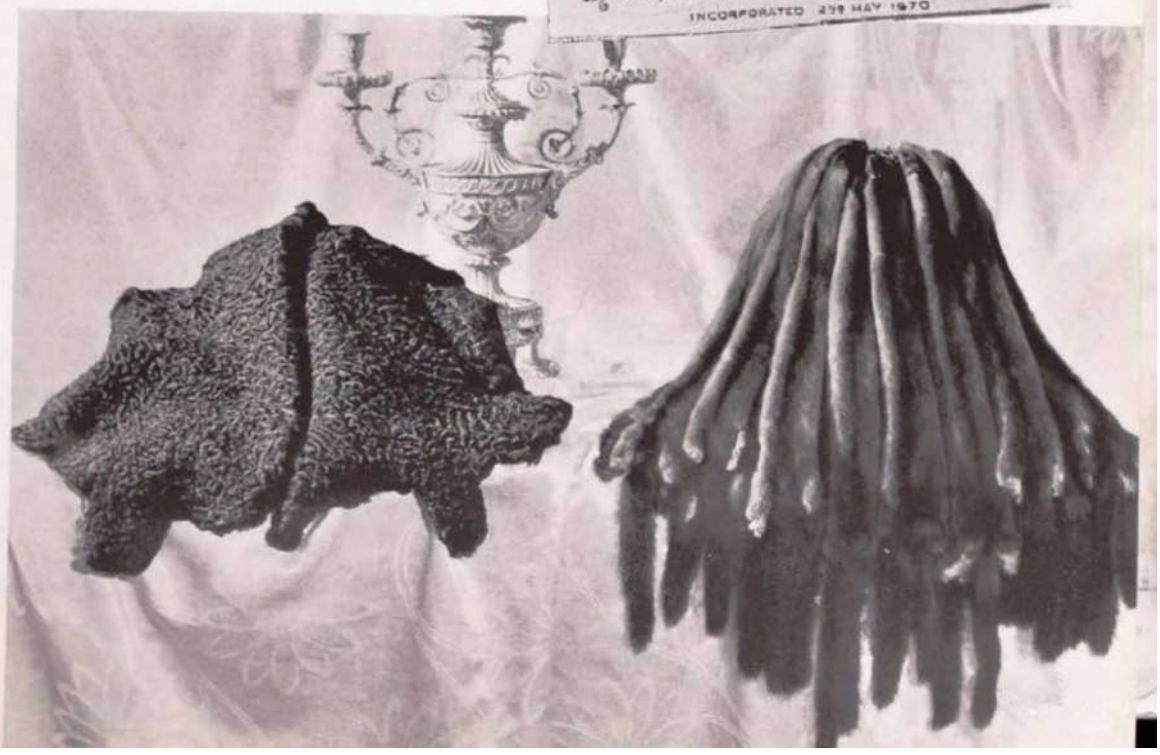
Marten

Furs

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Persian Lamb
and
Mink



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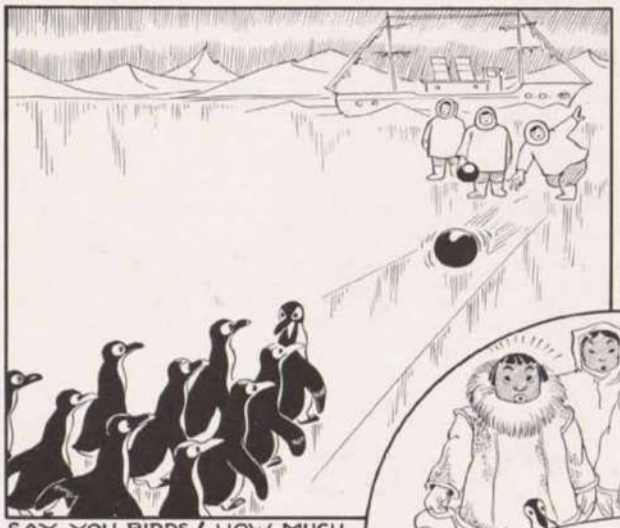
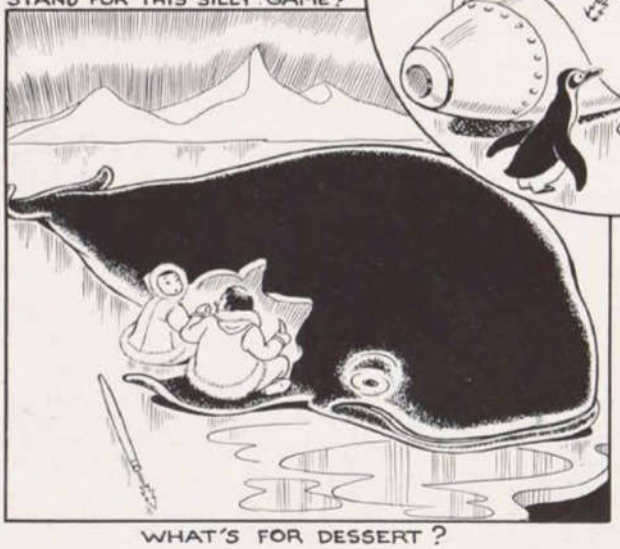
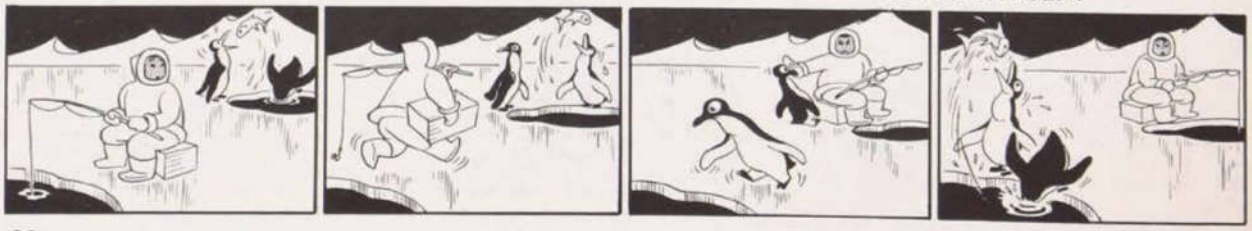






LONDON OFFICE NEWS

On December 10, 1937, the Governor was summoned by Their Majesties the King and Queen to Buckingham Palace to present on behalf of the Company the furs which Their Majesties had been graciously pleased to accept in commemoration of their Coronation. Their Majesties expressed their great appreciation of the loyalty of the Company and kindness in making these presentations, and also expressed great interest in the Company's welfare.

Since the last issue of *The Beaver* the following have been entertained to luncheon at Hudson's Bay House: His Excellency Abdul Majid Khan, President of the Afghan National Bank; Hon.J.C.Puddester, Commissioner of Public Health and Welfare, Commission of Government, Newfoundland; and Sir Francis Floud, K.C.B., British High Commissioner in Canada. Among others who attended these luncheons were: D.J.Davies, C.B.E. Newfoundland Trade Commissioner in London; E. G. Machtig, C.M.G., O.B.E., an Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Dominions Office; Professor Henry Clay; W. M. Codrington, and directors of the Company.

We were pleased to receive recently a rare testimony to the high quality of Hudson's Bay Company furs when the "Grand Prix D'Honneur" was awarded by the judging committee of the Paris International Exhibition to the Company for their exhibit of furs in the Canadian Pavilion. The exhibit proved a great attraction and included pelts of the principal fur-bearing animals of Canada, all of which more than complied with the restrictive conditions of all entries that they be "artistic, educational, and indicative of modern scientific development in industry."

Our Beaver Club held its usual Christmas Party on December 20, at St. Ermin's Hotel, which was a great success. The company present were delighted to welcome the Governor and Mrs. Ashley Cooper, Captain Victor Cazalet, and H. A. Reincke. Colonel and Mrs. Karslake unfortunately were prevented from being present because of a motor accident when on their way to the party. We were all relieved to learn later that, although the chauffeur was rather badly hurt, Colonel and Mrs. Karslake had escaped without any serious effect. During the evening a cable of greetings and good wishes was despatched to Winnipeg for all Beaver Clubs in Canada.

We were glad to welcome G. B. Wright of the Saskatchewan District fur trade staff for a period of training in the London Fur warehouse.

We were grieved to receive the sad news of the death of Douglas MacKay in an aeroplane accident on the 10th January, 1938. Mr. MacKay had made many friends in London, where his great ability was fully recognised and his death is a great loss to the Company.

Our Archives continue to be the subject of great interest to students of history and others, and recent visitors have included the following: J. W. Anderson, manager, Ungava District; Dr. Lewis W. Douglas, Principal of McGill University, Montreal; Miss D. L. Powell, Secretary of the Surrey Record Society and Assistant Keeper of the Muniments at Westminster Abbey; G. B. Wright, Post Manager, Stanley Post, Saskatchewan District; and Professor Marcel Giraud, of L'Institut Francais.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

The past quarter brought important staff changes. In the first place W. M. Conn has retired, after twenty-three years of valuable service. His departure severs another link with the good old days, and he is greatly missed by his former associates. His tremendous fund of fur trade knowledge, accumulated under four successive commissioners, was always equal to every question. "Willie" Conn served successively at North Bay, Montreal and Winnipeg, and was assistant to the Fur Trade Commissioner since 1927. A master in diplomacy, he was guide, philosopher and friend to everyone in the service. Many were the troubles confided to him and smoothed over in his tactful way. Mr. Conn was presented with a gold watch and illuminated testimonial by his associates at the annual Fur Trade dinner. He left Winnipeg December 22 for northern Ireland, via the Orient, and intends to settle near his brother Hugh. We all wish him complete enjoyment of his well-earned leisure.

David Robertson has been appointed Fur Trade Controller to succeed E. W. Fletcher, who retired last September. Mr. Robertson comes to us now from the Winnipeg store. No more popular appointment could have been made, and we hope he likes the Fur Trade.

Col. H. G. Reid resigned as manager of Mackenzie River Transport at the close of 1937. He had piloted through some very difficult years. He leaves to make his home, we hear, in the West Indies, and takes with him the best wishes of many friends.

R. H. Chesshire has been appointed acting manager Mackenzie River Transport with H. N. Petty as assistant manager.

The new office of traffic manager in the Mackenzie River Transport is filled by M. L. Ryan. Everyone who has ever gone north from Edmonton knows and likes "Mickey" Ryan. We have always felt he was an H B C man, but now we know it and welcome him to the service.

Late on Christmas Eve, Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, went down to CKY and broadcast his personal greetings to the staff in the north, over the CBC network. His cheering words went far and wide and were greatly appreciated by the "wintering partners." In many broadcasting studios across Canada were gathered little groups of mothers, wives, sweethearts and, even small children, who waited hours to speak the few words they were permitted, to their loved ones up north. At Montreal, the little four-year-old daughter of Wilfred Swaffield spoke to her daddy up in Ungava Bay. Radio is a great boon in the north.

Our training school is going full blast with a new group of apprentices taking their course in fur trading, merchandising, post accounts, radio, first aid, carpentry and mechanics. The school has been in operation for a year now, and the apprentices graduated from it are giving good accounts of themselves at their posts. In the present group are S. Nunn, F. C. Thacker, J. Berg, J. J. McPhail of Winnipeg; W. R. Garnett of Shellmouth, Manitoba, J. E. Walker, Windthorst, Saskatchewan, B. Ray, Norgate, Manitoba.

The posts in the north provide many useful services. The latest include regular daily weather reports by radio for the Meteorological Division of the Department of Transport. When the authorities decide they want weather reports daily from a certain post, we put in our private radio station with an apprentice trained in radio and weather observing, and a new link is added to the valuable chain of weather observing stations throughout Canada. When Arctic air routes develop, probably a great deal of the necessary northern weather reporting will be done by H B C men from their posts. Fort McKenzie in the interior of the Ungava Peninsula, and Fort Collinson on North Western Victoria Island will probably become weather stations this year. Arctic Bay already sends North Baffin Island weather to Ottawa daily.

At Bird's Hill fur farm, W. O. Douglas has had a busy season, and produced a large number of silver fox and mink pelts for London. At Steeprock Muskrat Marsh, William Blowey is preparing for a strenuous spring. Signs are good, and he hopes to harvest a record crop of muskrats to go into Hudson Seal coats for next winter.

"Jimmie" Watt has fully recovered from his recent operation. He is presently occupied with fur consignments at Toronto, but after open water will go to James Bay to inspect the beaver sanctuaries. Elsewhere in this issue, Mrs. Watt tells us of Jimmie's former hobbies, and we imagine he will be glad to exchange the city for the north again, for a spell at least.

Furs are almost universally scarce this winter, and conditions are extremely hard for large numbers of Indians, necessitating provision of much relief. The condition is not entirely abnormal since the

cycle of animal population is on the downward curve. Rabbits, a staple food, are only just showing signs of recovery after virtual disappearance. The situation has also been aggravated by bad weather for trapping and hunting. The Arctic is about the only bright spot, with the white fox catch showing definite improvement.

R. H. G. Bonnycastle represented the Company at the third North American Wild Life Conference at Baltimore, Maryland, in February.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Murray on the birth of a daughter in December.

March finds the Fur Trade territories still gripped by winter but with the sun getting higher and the days lengthening rapidly. Soon the first breath of spring will bring a thaw in the daytime with frost again at night, and the dog teams will need moccasins on their feet. Before our next issue rivers and streams will be running in the nearer north and the Arctic will be stirring beneath its mantle of snow and ice. Neither wars, rumors of wars, nor scarcity of furs can hold back the seasons, which is a good thing.

British Columbia District

It is with regret that we have to record the death of W. G. H. Vernon at Fort Vermilion on November 6, 1937, aged seventy-seven years. Mr. Vernon retired from the Company's service seven years ago, after completing eighteen years as accountant at Fort Vermilion. He was a member of the Royal North West Mounted Police from 1899 to 1913, resigning from that force with the rank of staff sergeant. A daughter, Miss Dorothy Harcourt Vernon, San Francisco, is the only immediate relative surviving.

A new radio station opened at Grande Prairie, Alberta, on November 2. The call letters are CFGP.

A plant to supply electric light to the settlement has been opened at Fort St. John, B.C.

The natives at Port Simpson have also installed an electric lighting plant on the reserve, which supplies the settlement. The streets are now well lighted, and the settlement presents a very impressive appearance at night. Our post has been connected up with the new system, which was financed and installed entirely by the natives.

J. Milne left to attend the Fur Trade Conference on November 14, and later accompanied the Fur Trade Commissioner to the British Columbia line posts returning to Edmonton on December 19 with a bad cold, which developed into a slight attack of pneumonia. He finally had his tonsils removed and returned to work on January 24.

J. Gregg, who has been travelling in the Yukon for the past few months, arrived in Edmonton on November 21 to meet the Fur Trade Commissioner. After a discussion on matters pertaining to the Yukon, he left for White Horse via Vancouver on December 1.

Mrs. W. T. Winchester, wife of our manager at Cold Lake, had a nasty accident when tobogganing on November 23, and was admitted to the local hospital suffering from a doubly fractured collar bone.

On December 22, the District Office was moved from the retail store building and is now located at 332 Birks Building on 104th Street.

Santa Claus arrived at our Kitwanga store on the December 22 and presented each girl and boy with a Christmas stocking.

F. Bailey, Manager at Frances Lake, had to come out to White Horse for medical attention in the early part of January. He is now feeling much better and has returned to his post.

A post office is being opened at Whitewater Post in the Finlay River country. The new post office will be known as Fort Ware and mail will go in by air, the service being operated by United Air Transport of Edmonton.

The inaugural flight on the newly organized Vancouver-Fort St. John-Edmonton air mail service, operated by United Air Transport Limited, was made on January 16. Winter schedules, which call for weekly return runs from Ashcroft to Fort St. John, where connections will be made with the weekly Edmonton-White Horse mail and passenger runs, will give direct air communication between Edmonton and the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Walker and family, late of Hudson's Hope, sailed for Scotland on furlough in the middle of January.

Dr. H. A. Hamman, medical health officer for the Fort Vermilion District, was married to Miss H. Tomick, teacher of Stoney Point school, in St. Luke's Church on December 31. The ceremony was performed by Canon Harrison of Peace River. The Canon, accompanied by Dr. Agnew, flew to Fort Vermilion by plane and was forced down by bad weather en route, having to spend a night in an Indian shack.

Furs are very scarce in the District this season, especially in the Athabaska section.

R. F. Corless, Jr., of Prince George, has been awarded our freighting contract to the Finlay River posts for the 1938 season.

Western Arctic District

Mail was received from Aklavik, Tuktuk and Shingle Point by the regular mail 'plane in December. Members of the staff at all points report favourable conditions.

The Soviet Search Expedition continues the hunt from Aklavik for the lost Russian fliers, although conditions have not been favourable for moonlight flying over the Polar Ice. Sir Hubert Wilkins visited our posts at Tuktuk and Baillie Island during a preliminary flight.

Messrs. Gall and Reiach are both enjoying leave in Scotland, although finding life a little monotonous after active years on the Arctic Coast.

In addition to the scheduled mail trip to Coppermine, a special trip brought A. W. Watson to Edmonton for medical attention. Mr. Watson had been sick for some time and his many friends in the district wish him a speedy recovery.

Mail was received from Coppermine, Read Island, Cambridge Bay, and Perry River at the beginning of February, and all members of the staff at those posts are in excellent health. Conditions have improved considerably throughout the eastern part of the district, and we are hopeful this improvement will be maintained.

To replace the M.S. *Fort James*, lost in the ice last summer, a new vessel is under construction at Bridgewater, N.S., by J. E. Weingart. The vessel is a two-masted, schooner rigged type, length 125′, beam 28′, capable of carrying 250 tons on a draft of 11′6″. The stem is being specially constructed for ice work and a specially strengthened runaway stern has been designed to facilitate handling in ice. The hull will be sheathed with greenheart.

Powered by a Fairbanks Morse two-cycle engine of 240 h.p., the *Fort Ross*, as she is to be named, will have a speed of 8½ knots loaded. Complete pilot house control is a special feature. Accommodation is provided on the main deck amidships, in addition to the crew's quarters in the fo'castle, with master's accommodation on the boat deck. The holds are large, with two hatches designed for northern freight, while masts and derricks are capable of lifting from three to five tons. The power winch will also have a chain drive to the windlass. The vessel will, of course, have electric lighting throughout, and will carry wireless.

Captain Summers will command the *Fort Ross*, which will sail for the Western Arctic via the Panama Canal and Vancouver.

L. G. White is expected to report at Winnipeg in February, travelling by 'plane from Aklavik. He is in charge of Kugalook Outpost at date of writing, but will resume his duties as chief engineer in May, after a brief furlough.

The question of equipping all our posts with standard two-way radio sets is under consideration, and the training of personnel in this work will be carried out whenever possible.

A Police patrol from Cambridge Bay to King William Land is expected to leave in mid-February. We were sorry to learn of the death of Police Interpreter Mark Luke, after a short illness.

Captain E. Pasley, of the Canalaska Trading Company, has come out by 'plane from Coppermine and joined his family in Edmonton. We understand he has been in indifferent health for some time, and wish him speedy recovery.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

The District Manager spent a month on the Liard River in November-December and visited Fort Nelson, Nelson Forks and Fort Liard Posts. He is now visiting posts as far north as Fort Smith and will inspect Lake Athabaska Posts and Portage la Loche before returning to Edmonton.

Natives of the Mackenzie River basin who depend upon the annual migration of caribou for a supply of meat, are alarmed by the fact that this year the trek is far more distant from their homes than usual. The animals are moving in as large numbers as ever, but prevailing winds and to some extent incursion of the country by mining men and resultant operations have caused a divergence in route, which may result in hardship to many of the people dependent upon them for food supplies.

A noticeable feature of late is the desire of post managers to follow the oldest of all occupations—gardening. This is all to the good, both as a mental relaxation and, as one post manager said recently when ordering seeds, a means of providing much needed vitamins. In days gone by, there were some remarkable gardens along the Mackenzie River. We intend to assemble some notes we have on these for the *Beaver;* it may encourage some of our more sedentary inclined post managers to take up a really worth-while hobby.

Miss Kathleen Shackleton, after spending Christmas at Vancouver, left for Aklavik early in January. She is still there and, so we are informed, enjoying the unusual environment. En route she added to her collection of sketches A. F. Camsell of Fort Resolution, Johnny McPherson of Fort Simpson and John Firth of Fort McPherson. We are glad she was able to sketch the latter, as he conveys to everyone meeting him an excellent impression of a fur trader of the old type, now so seldom met with. Miss Shackleton was enabled to meet Mr. Firth by experiencing a forced landing, when a sea fog forced down the aeroplane by which she was travelling near Fort McPherson. The sketches by this talented artist, which appeared in the last issue of the *Beaver*, have drawn much favourable comment from our northern staff.

There is no doubt that the personal messages sent to the north at Christmas and New Year's are appreciated. From many places we have been informed that it was a great pleasure to hear them coming over the air so clearly.

Much distress has been caused around Lake Athabaska by an outbreak of measles, which, unfortunately, caused a number of deaths amongst native women and children. The men seem to have escaped its ravages.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Craig of Hay River Post upon the birth of a son on January 4. We trust that Eric John and his mother are both well.

Scarcity of fur-bearing animals and vagaries of the weather have been worrying trappers in the District, and many of them are likely to be disappointed with the result of their winter's labour.

We are sorry to learn that early in January "Tim" Gaudet, pensioner, of Fort Norman, was very poorly. We hope he is his usual cheerful self by this time.

In December, the District Office was transferred to 332 Birks Building, Edmonton, one block from our old quarters. The retail store required the full use of the annex, where we were situated, to make provision for housing some of their own departments during the time that the new store building is being erected.

We are pleased to have John Milne back with us after several weeks' absence due to sickness. Although now with British Columbia District, he is still in touch in many ways with his old associates.

Death has called one known to a great many of our northern staff. George Bennett, brother of the Right Honourable R. B. Bennett, died recently at Fort McMurray, where he resided for the past fifteen years.

Work is proceeding on the road being constructed from Fort McMurray to Goldfields. Some sixty miles or so has been built, but it will be some time before freight can be taken over it.

Winter weather has checked, to some extent, operations of mining companies in the North. At Goldfields, especially, there is considerably less activity in the various camps, so far as outdoor work is concerned, but plans are being laid for even greater progress in the spring. Goldfields has developed into a permanent mining field and Yellowknife, Norite Bay, and other ventures hold promise of following its lead.

There is an Indian who not only keeps himself well informed, but who reads between the lines. He recently told a post manager that international difficulties are raised and the white man continually talks about war in order that he may buy marten cheap. A new view-point, and one worth pondering.

Mackenzie River Transport

We are glad to welcome "Scotty" Paterson back in late December, after having spent some weeks in hospital at Edmonton, and on leave.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lissenden on the birth of a daughter at Edmonton in December.

Mr. K. Y. Spencer was transferred to Regina Fur Purchasing Agency during November.

Capt. Williscroft has recovered his health and has been discharged from hospital after a severe illness.

After having seen the S.S. *Athabasca River* safely frozen in below Fort Chipewyan, Capt. Alexander, chief engineer Geo. King and balance of crew returned south by air in December. Mr. S. P. Porter is remaining with the steamer as watchman.

The Mackenzie Hotel at Fort Smith, under the management of P. Kaeser, was well patronized during the past year and a brisk business is anticipated for the future.

Due to the mining activity on Lake Athabaska and Great Slave Lake, an increase in last year's record tonnage of 13,000 tons handled by all units of Mackenzie River Transport, is expected for the coming summer. To handle the situation arrangements are being made for further additions to our fleet.

Saskatchewan District

The present winter has proved a very poor one from a freighting point of view, commencing with a very late freeze-up, followed by heavy snow. Lake ice was very slow in forming to suitable thickness for transport, with the result that we have had many reports of tractors, trucks and teams getting into serious difficulties. With the exception of two loads of freight, en route to Lac La Ronge, going through the ice on January 9 on Montreal Lake and being badly damaged thereby, no serious losses of Company goods have as yet been reported.

We regret to report the death of R. E. McKenzie, of Berens River, at St. Boniface Hospital on November 15 last. Mr. McKenzie was a tenant and very good friend of the Company. His passing will be regretted by many members of our staff at Lake Winnipeg posts.

Dr. Lavoie, medical superintendent at Isle à la Crosse Post, is pursuing a very interesting study in attempting to establish the location of the first Company Fort at Isle à la Crosse which was built in 1799. At the time of writing he has not been able to establish this location definitely but will continue in his efforts, and if successful will no doubt unearth some very interesting souvenirs of considerable historic importance. Dr. Lavoie, as the result of recent discoveries, is satisfied that he has located the site of the Company fort which was established by Peter Fidler in 1809-10 and wilfully destroyed by fire on June 4, 1811, by men of the North West Company, immediately following the departure of Peter Fidler for Churchill. Excavations conducted by the doctor uncovered many old trade articles such as copper kettles (obviously burnt), axe heads, etc. We will await with interest the results of his next summer's explorations.

We were fortunate in receiving an unexpected report at the end of December from Nueltin Lake Post in the North West Territories, the District's most northerly establishment. This report apparently came down to Lac du Brocket by dog team with the first fur shipment. The post manager, F. Schweder, states that meat is plentiful this season and the natives, being well supplied, are able to devote all their time to trapping instead of hunting for food, which is a decided contrast to conditions existing last winter. A very successful season is anticipated.

In other parts of the district many cases of indigency amongst the native population have been reported, and it has been necessary for the Department of Indian Affairs and the provincial governments in several instances to issue food and clothing to alleviate distress.

R. B. Urquhart returned to District Office on December 22 on completion of the inspection of the following posts: Souris River, Pine River, Isle à la Crosse, Clear Lake, Buffalo River, Beauval, Green Lake, Cedar Lake, Cumberland House, Pelican Narrows and Island Falls Outpost. During this trip many old acquaintances were renewed especially at Isle à la Crosse and neighboring posts, where Mr. Urquhart had previously been located, and which he now revisited after an interval of thirteen years. The staffs at all posts visited were in good health and well prepared for winter. Although it entailed travel by railway, aeroplane, car, truck, horse-teams, dogs and several days by canoe, the trip during the freeze-up period was carried out on schedule, and was practically uneventful except for the fact that unusual weather conditions made it possible and necessary to travel by canoe on Isle à la Crosse Lake as late as November 12.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott of Island Lake Post on the birth of a daughter, Sandra Hilda Louise, at Toronto on November 5. Mrs. Scott and baby rejoined their family on December 18.

Congratulations are also extended to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hunter of Lac du Brocket Post on the birth of a daughter, Beverly, on August 24 at The Pas.

R. A. Talbot, District Manager, left Winnipeg on January 19 to conduct inspection of posts in the eastern section of the District.

Nelson River District

During the month of December the District Manager made an inspection by aeroplane, of the northern Ontario posts: Bearskin Lake, Trout Lake, Big Beaver House and Cat Lake. Country food is still very scarce in that area, and an exceptionally heavy snowfall has hindered the natives from successfully hunting what little game there is.

Inspection visits have also been made to Pukatawagan, Granville Lake, Nelson House, Wabowden, Shamattawa, York Factory and Split Lake.

T. C. Moore, manager of York Factory Post, has found it necessary to come to Winnipeg for medical attention. We trust Tommy will soon be at full strength again. Bert Moore has been placed in charge of York Factory until T. C. Moore reports

back for duty. Walter Gordon will take Bert Moore's place at Shamattawa.

Mrs. Edith Metcalfe, one of our trapper customers at Granville Lake and Pukatawagan Posts, was a visitor to District Office recently. We understand Mrs. Metcalfe has decided to give up trapping in favour of mink ranching, and visited Winnipeg for the purpose of purchasing breeding stock. We hope that every success will attend her new venture.

Since freeze-up monthly radio reports have been received from Chesterfield Inlet, Baker Lake and Repulse Bay Posts. Communication between Chesterfield and Repulse Bay is maintained by radiophone on a weekly basis, and "Lofty" Stewart tells us that W. C. Brownie, of Repulse Bay, announces "as to the manner born."

A police mail team from Eskimo Point arrived at Churchill in December, and the Roman Catholic Mission team from Chesterfield reached Churchill on 21st January. We would extend our thanks to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Roman Catholic Mission for their courtesy in carrying our mail on both those trips.

Much of the thrill experienced in District Office at the opening of a "northern mail"—especially the first one after freeze-up—has now been taken away by the introduction of the monthly radio messages mentioned above, for in many cases the mail now contains only confirmation of information already advised to us. However, there are still one or two posts in the Barren Lands not yet in touch by radio, though it is hoped, before another year passes, to have two-way communication established at these points also.

Congratulations are extended to A. Mackintosh, Manager of Trout Lake Post and I. W. McCauley, Manager of Cat Lake Post, who have both been awarded Long Service Medals on the completion of twenty years' unbroken service.

Superior-Huron District

Since the last issue of *The Beaver*, J. Glass, acting District Manager, has visited Dinorwic, Nipigon, Montizambert, Missanabie, Hudson, Sioux Lookout and Red Lake.

Miss Hilda Scouten of Hudson Post was a visitor to Winnipeg during January selecting merchandise at the retail store and Winnipeg depot.

H. E. Cooper visited Nipigon over the week-end of December 17 when the addition to the store there was opened.

J. G. Burk, Indian Agent at Port Arthur, visited us on December 28 in connection with the marketing of the handicrafts of the Indians in his jurisdiction. Mr. Burk has done splendid work for the Indians and is to be congratulated on the success of his endeavours to make them financially independent and even prosperous.

A departure for the H B C was recently initiated at Red Rock, Ontario, scene of construction of the big mill and townsite of the Lake Sulphite Co. In January we opened a mail order office here in charge of D. Johnson, formerly of Red Lake. Mr. Johnson has a small building and a full range of samples for which he takes orders, the goods being shipped from Winnipeg and Nipigon. Results to date are very encouraging.

M. S. Cook has now recovered from the effects of his operation and although not yet able to undertake duties at a post is being employed at Winnipeg office until he regains his strength.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Aime Baulne of Gogama on the birth of a son, Ronald, on December 28, 1937.

James Bay District

Miss Kathleen Shackleton of London, England, spent some time at Moose Factory recently, having been commissioned by the London Office to do paintings of pensioners, Indian hunters, etc.

George McLeod, Company's carpenter, is at present at Moose Factory, where he is employed in making extensive repairs to the M.K. *Fort Churchill*, prior to the advent of another freighting season. It has been found, upon examination, that a large portion of the hull requires replanking.

The Dominion Government has recently constructed air port beacons and a runway at Pagwa River.

The Indian Department, on behalf of the natives at Nipigon House, has contracted with the Abitibi Paper Company for the cutting of pulpwood on the Gull Bay Reserve. It is anticipated that the natives will derive a good livelihood from this source and become less dependent upon trapping. Furs are becoming very scarce in that particular part of the country.

Grassy Narrows Post is gradually coming into the limelight as a Mecca for big game hunters and fishermen. Numerous parties, especially from the States, have been outfitted here and a very fair measure of success has been attained by moose, deer and black bear hunters.

J. K. Doutt, mammalogist, and Dr. A. C. Twomey, ornithologist, connected with the Carnegie Museum Research Department, Pittsburgh, flew from Moosonee to Great Whale River in January. We understand they intend to spend some considerable time at Upper Seal Lake, making a study of fresh water seal. They also intend going to the Belcher Islands to carry on research work. This expedition will return to civilization early next September on the M.K. *Fort Churchill* when she makes her annual trip to the Belchers.

When it was found in December a food cache, established for a party of fourteen Quebec surveyors in the Hannah Bay sector of the Ontario-Quebec boundary, had not been disturbed long after it should have been reached and consumed by the party, it was realized that they were lost. An extensive search by plane and by natives was organized, and the missing party eventually found. They were brought to Moose Factory by air, after being on a starvation diet for thirty-nine days, consisting principally of bark of trees. The party was in pretty bad physical shape upon arrival, and required medical attention, but all have since recovered.

Progress is being made by the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission on the construction of the dam on the Kenogami River, fifteen miles north of Long Lake. It is anticipated this will be completed in the early spring. The purpose of this dam is to raise the water level of Long Lake so that the water will flow from the south end of the lake into Lake Superior.

W. Cowan, District Manager, has recently completed inspections of all those posts in the southern part of the District comprising posts transferred from Superior-Huron District.

A daughter, Jessie, was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Donaldson on September 1, 1937.

Excellent progress is being made in the renewal of post buildings at Fort George Post. We are informed by W. T. Watt that, when completed by Carpenter G. T. Moore of Moose Factory, they will compare most favourably with any buildings in the District. It is interesting to note that the materials used were freighted across James Bay from Albany Post last summer where they formerly housed Revillon Freres.

Reports from various sections of the District reveal that scarcity of fur bearing animals is making it exceedingly difficult for a large portion of the native population to find a livelihood. There is also great scarcity of country food, such as rabbits, etc., which causes great hardship for the native.

St. Lawrence District

On November 27, Her Excellency Lady Tweedsmuir visited the Fur Purchasing Agency at 100 McGill Street.

Garon Pratte, K.C., the Company's Quebec solicitor, was recently appointed a Judge of the Quebec Superior Court. He was sworn in at Quebec on January 10, and commenced his judicial duties from that date.

An outbreak of typhoid fever has occurred at Manowan, and up to the end of January about thirty cases have been reported. Dr. Rivard of Clova, P.Q., was flown in with nurses Helene Fortier and Cecile Lavoie of Quebec City. Most of the Indians have been inoculated and it is hoped this will prevent the disease from spreading. So far four deaths have occurred.

The Senneterre-Mont Laurier highway is now open to traffic to about 60 miles south of Senneterre. The Val d'Or highway was recently opened to traffic as far as Senneterre, a distance of about 38 miles. It is understood it will be kept open all winter. In addition to the highway, Val d'Or now has a regular rail service from Senneterre operated by the Canadian National Railways.

Willie Iserhoff, who entered the Royal Victoria Hospital last September for treatment, was finally discharged during the latter part of November. He convalesced at St. Lambert under the care of F. C. Gaudet, Hudson's Bay Company pensioner, who resides there. Willie finally left for Mistassinni by air on December 28.

Miss Kathleen Shackleton arrived in Montreal from Moosonee on November 28. She made drawings of Messrs. W. E. Swaffield, Sr., F. C. Gaudet and T. A. Sinclair, after which she left for Pointe Bleue Post, where sketches were made of Tom Moar and some Indian subjects.

H. T. F. Petterson, Manager of La Sarre post, who spent last summer in England on furlough, returned to Canada in November. Upon arrival he had to attend the sessions at Three Rivers as a witness. He was called again as a witness in another case on January 24, also held in Three Rivers.

Miss Casey of the District Office staff was called to St. Johns, Newfoundland, on account of the serious illness of her father. We are pleased to state he has recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up for a short time each day.

The extremely late freeze-up throughout the district this fall, was the cause of considerable hardship to the Indian hunters. Being unable to travel around the bush, their hunting and trapping operations were seriously restricted.

Rabbits, ptarmigan and moose are reported to be scarce in most sections, and fish appear to be none too plentiful.

Christmas Day and New Year's Day are described by the Obijuan Post Manager in his Diary, as follows: "Christmas Day at Obijuan. Staff more or less disappointed as plane failed to arrive. All Christmas parcels are still at Oskelaneo. However, we made the best of it and attended feast in the Chief's house, and contentedly filled ourselves with bannock, moose meat and the always present beans. Rest of day was spent reading and recovering from the feast. Last night northern messages were heard, also voice of Fur Trade Commissioner, extending Yuletide greetings to all. Apprentice Wright heard a message from sister who spoke over the air to him. Also voice of His Majesty the King, who was heard very clearly and distinctly over the post radio.

"The New Year was welcomed at Obijuan by the usual salvo of gun and rifle shots, which lasted for approximately fifteen minutes. If a visitor had dropped in during this time, he would have thought that he had landed in Spain or Shanghai. At daylight Saturday morning before the staff were out of bed and properly attired, our native friends were arriving to shake hands, and offer New Year's greetings. This was kept up until every native had made his social call. A feast was held in the Chief's house at 12.00 p.m., and here, amid the usual ceremonies, we feasted on bear, moose and deer meat, with coffee, pies, doughnuts for dessert, washed down by strong tea. After the feast, both members of the staff paid a visit to Father Guinard. During the evening H. A. Graham and Morris Wright dined royally on chicken, Christmas pudding, etc., which were sent to us from folks at home."

Exceptionally mild weather prevailed in the lower Gulf during December and early January. Quoting Bob, an old resident of that vicinity, "Wonderful weather for seals, sir, if the 'tarnation' wind does not blow from off the land." Early reports received from that section indicate a fair seal fishery and we are looking forward to hearing that Bob and all others engaged in the seal fishery have made a good voyage.

The following account of a motorboat trip in the lower Gulf of St. Lawrence has been sent to us and we believe it will bring back happy memories to those who have made similar trips in the past.

"It is 4 a.m., breakfast is over, and we are waiting for the motor boat that is to take us to our destination 102 miles away. Soon the sound of an engine is heard approaching the post, and we hurry down to meet the boat at the landing pier. The sun rising in an apparently clear sky indicates a bright, sunny day, but Skipper John prophesies a strong breeze of head wind and a wet deck before 9 a.m. We get underway at 4.15 a.m., pipes are lighted, and we prepare to enjoy the early morning calm. We are soon out of the harbour in the open.

"The skipper, who is noted for his good judgment of the weather, soon picks up a dark bank on the horizon, which is the wind approaching in the distance, and by 6 a.m. our boat is heading into the breeze. Oil skins and rubber boots are quickly pulled on and soon our faces are stiff with the salt brine. At 10 a.m. we are in smooth water again, having taken an inside run. The breeze continues to increase, but as we are running inside a stretch of islands over twenty miles long, it is decided it is a good time for a "mug up," (second breakfast). The keen air has made all hands hungry, and we are soon enjoying fried cod fish brought along for the trip.

"We stop at one of the many islands where a lone family is located, fishing salmon. Alex is soon alongside for his parcel and news. Our skipper is in a hurry and with a 'So long, boy,' we steam on to our next call about ten miles away. Here again parcels are landed, and taken on to be dropped at sundry coves along the way. Another ten miles are covered and we are out in the open again. Here we run into a heavy sea, but our boat is staunch and we pound our way ahead, taking over two hours to cover nine miles. Once again our faces are coated with brine, but little thought is given to this. In another hour we will be in smooth water, not that we are seasick or uncomfortable, but all hands are hungry again. We next run into a cod fishing centre, and as we visit several stages to deliver parcels we are greeted with a cheery 'Hello boy! Has the fish and caplin struck in your parts? How is Jim doing up the way? Jack here had the best catch this season, three quintals today. The cod fishery is the main industry of this vicinity, but the fishing has been very poor up to the time we passed through. Everyone was still hoping the fish would strike in. One fellow remarked it is too early in the season to give up the ghost.

"We now reach the end of the inland runs, but as there is a very heavy sea running, we decide to have supper and spend the night in a harbour about twenty-four miles from our destination. The keen air has made all hands sleepy, and we are soon asleep, being rocked by the swell rolling in from the mouth of the harbour. The wind calmed down during the night, but as the skipper expected the wind to spring up after sun up, we were underway at the break of dawn, arriving at our destination for an early breakfast, and ready for work at 8.30 a.m. Another trip over, but made pleasant by the kindness and good fellowship of Skipper John, who smiles whether the going is rough or smooth. The cheery greetings and hails met with at our various stops are typical of the good fellowship that exists along the rugged coast line of the lower Gulf of St. Lawrence."

Labrador District

Just before Christmas we removed to our new quarters in the Williams' building, 144 Water Street, where conveniently situated, and on the street level, we are in a position to display H B C products to much greater advantage than in buildings formerly occupied, coupled with which our raw fur buying and general offices are more accessible to the trade.

The steamship *Blue Peter*, which has been used for several years past in pioneer development of the fresh salmon industry in Newfoundland and Labrador, producing the now famous "Hubay" and "Labdor" brands for the English market, has been sold for scrap metal. She sailed on December 23 for Briton Ferry, Wales, where she is to be broken up. On the voyage, when about 500 miles off the Newfoundland coast, she lost her rudder, but still made fair headway. Later she was assisted by two ocean going tugs and reached port safely. The ship was commanded by Captain R. J. Randell, formerly Chief Officer of the R.M.S. *Nascopie*. W. Black, who is also well known to men of the eastern Arctic, was Chief Engineer.

While free from present day concern of national complications, the Indians and Eskimos occasionally have to wage a relentless fight with Dame Nature for the wherewithal with which to maintain themselves. The present year is a lean one on the Labrador, deer being very scarce in the interior and seals equally scarce along the whole coast.

Gone are the days of isolation to trappers of North West River, who not infrequently are on their "paths" for upwards of four months at a time, for now many of them carry a little portable radio receiving set with them and at night, while cooking or pelting their day's catch, they can listen in to broadcast news from their home address.

We regret to report that Hon. R. B. Job, president of Job Brothers & Co. Ltd., has been indisposed for several months; but we learn that recently he underwent a successful operation in London and is now making progress toward recovering his usual good health. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Suffering from the effect of a severe cold or 'flu which he contracted during the summer when it was prevalent on the coast, Apprentice Graham Strong of Cartwright entered the Grenfell Hospital there for treatment. After a couple of weeks he was sufficiently well to leave the institution and return to duty. At date of writing these notes all members of the various Posts staffs are well.

Leo Manning of Ungava District, now enjoying furlough, returned to Newfoundland recently after visiting his relatives in the U.S.A. His many friends here wish him a pleasant holiday.

Capt. Stephen Bradbury, retired customs official, and some years ago located at Rigolet, Labrador, died at his home here on November 16th in his seventy-ninth year. Our sympathy is extended to his family. The late Mr. Bradbury took a keen interest in Company activities and was well and favourably known to many of its employees. His grandson, William Carson, Jr., is located at Stoney Rapids Post.

Ungava District

Time marches on! With our Private Commercial Radio Stations, CZ5H at Arctic Bay, CZ4T at Cape Dorset, CZ4Y at Cape Smith, CZ5R at Leaf River, and the Government Radio Station VAL at Port Harrison, Ungava District is being rapidly transformed, and with the addition of more stations in the near future we shall be almost as closely in contact with our most remote posts as we are with line posts. To date, we have received regular monthly reports from all four stations and from Port Harrison, and in addition to this we have also heard from Diana Bay and Payne Bay via CZ5R, Leaf River, from Povungnetuk via CZ4Y, Cape Smith, and from Lake Harbour via CZ4T, Cape Dorset.

From this Post we learn that A. C. L. Turner, of the R.C.M.P. Detachment at

Lake Harbour, visited Cape Dorset in January and took away with him a native who was mentally deranged. Apparently this was a precautionary measure as the man's condition was not thought serious.

For the successful operation of our Radio Stations, great credit is due Chief Wireless Operator S. G. L. Horner, who supervised the equipment and erection of the stations, but special credit is also due Post Manager W. G. Calder, of Leaf River, who had to erect CZ5R without assistance and was able to get on the air with one hundred per cent. efficiency. And so the Fur Trade progresses.

On Christmas Eve, the Fur Trade Commissioner went to the microphone at Radio Station CKY, Winnipeg, and broadcast his own message of greeting to all Fur Trade posts in the North.

Canadian Airways Limited sent an aeroplane from Oskelaneo in December into Great Whale River to pick up a number of prospectors, and through their courtesy we were able to forward mail there for posts in Ungava District.

As with the southern and civilized parts of the Dominion, it would appear that the northern posts also experienced a very open fall, for on the December 21 we had radio information from Leaf River to the effect that Leaf Bay, Payne Bay and Chimo Bay were not yet frozen over and that winter travel was consequently seriously impeded.

Early in February, the annual James Bay packet team left Moose Factory for Great Whale River, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to forward mail to that point for furtherance to Port Harrison and other northern Quebec posts, through the courtesy of the R.C.M.P. team which is expected to connect with the James Bay team at Great Whale River on or about March 9.

POST STAFF MOVEMENTS

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

Name	From	To
G. E. E. Miles	Apprentice, Montreal Lake	Apprentice, Isle à la Crosse
J. R. McMurchy	Apprentice, Isle à la Crosse	Furlough
W. Davidson	Assistant, Pine River	Assistant, Souris River
W. A. Wraight	Superior-Huron District	Assistant, Pine River Post
J. Beriziuk	Temporary Assistant	Pelican Narrows
J. Murdoch	Temporary Assistant	Montreal Lake
H. J. Miller	Temporary Assistant	Clear Lake
J. R. McMurchy	Furlough	Winnipeg
R. I. Gemmill	Saskatchewan District Office	Superior-Huron District, Red Lake Post

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

J. E. J. Wilson	Clerk, Wabowden	Clerk, Nelson House
M. T. Allen	A/Clerk, Trout Lake	A/Clerk, Wabowden
Bert Moore	P/Manager, Shamattawa	P/Manager, York Factory
T. C. Moore	P/Manager, York Factory	Winnipeg (sick leave)

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

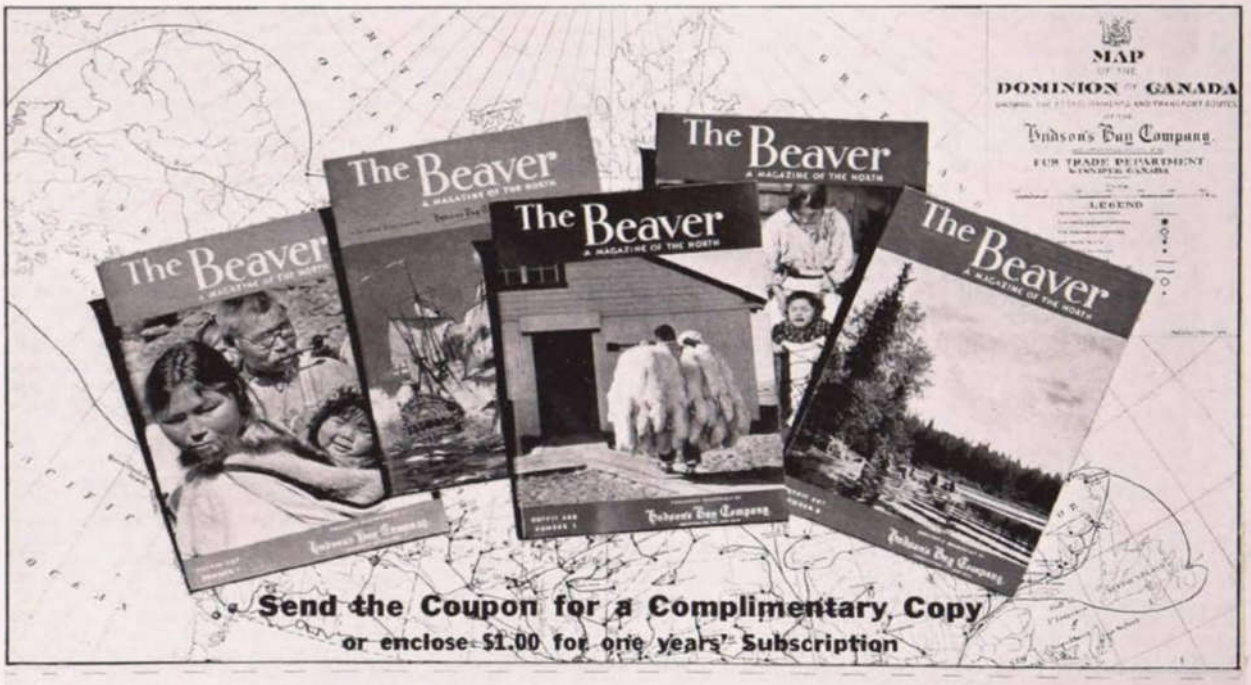
E. V. Lee	Apprentice, Fort Hope	Apprentice, Osnaburgh

SUPERIOR-HURON DISTRICT

Name	From	To
D. Johnson	Clerk, Red Lake	Manager, Red Rock, Ont.
D. C. Bullock	Apprentice, James Bay Dist.	Apprentice, Minaki
A. Howarth	Nipigon	Temagami
H. J. McCullough	Clerk, Sioux Lookout	Clerk, Nipigon
Jack Lyal	Clerk, Winnipeg Depot	Clerk, Sioux Lookout
W. Wraight	Sioux Lookout	Saskatchewan District
F. Lugrin	Regina F.P.A.	Fur Buyer, Sioux Lookout
G. C. M. Collins	Saskatchewan District	Sioux Lookout (temp.)
R. Gemmill	Assistant, Saskatchewan D.O.	Bookkeeper, Red Lake
G. B. McLeod	Bookkeeper, Red Lake	Bookkeeper, Sioux Lookout
G. A. Heaton	Bookkeeper, Sioux Lookout	Bookkeeper, Baie Comeau

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

D. E. Cooter	La Sarre relieving Manager	Post Manager, Weymontachingue
R. Jarnet	Clerk, Blanc Sablon	Clerk, Seven Islands
H. T. F. Petterson	Manager, La Sarre Post	Returned from Furlough
E. McVey	Apprentice, Seven Islands	Apprentice, Bersimis



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